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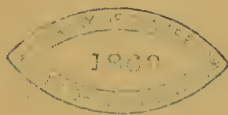




# P O E M S

*Review*  
BY

REV. T. HEMPSTEAD.



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## ODE TO GENIUS.

INSCRIBED TO G. D. PRENTICE.

THE everlasting murmurs of the hills,  
The grand, electric monologues of mountains,  
And all the regal sea of sound that fills  
The deep old woods, the rocky dash of fountains  
Attend thy steps, empyreal spirit, thou,  
Around whose kingly brow,  
Shine ivy-cluster, rose and myrtle wreath,  
With all things of rich hue and odorous breath.

God hath rained on thee Heaven's invisible rain,  
Baptized thee in the dew  
By angels kept for His elected few,  
And given to thee a sceptre and domain,  
Whose tenants are the cataracts, clouds and stars,  
The streams and soft-eyed companies of flowers  
By waysides and in dim, bird-hiding bowers—  
And sunset looking through her opal bars  
On her retreating hills and vales,  
Where still the fringe of her wide banner trails,

In purple mist and silver heraldry—  
These are thy ministers and bring to thee  
Their holocaust of strength and bloom and glory.

    The free or fettered rills,  
    The brave, stark winter hills,  
The crags that in the clang of storms grow hoary,  
    Yet bow not to the scythe of Death  
    Who smites and levels all—

The crags whose jaws have seized the very breath  
Which ebb'd and bubbled from the ghastly lips  
Of many a realm and splendid dynasty,  
Curdling it from unmorrowing eclipse

    In granite-ribbed and adamantine wall,  
    Bow down the reverent knee,  
    Bright Spirit, unto thee ;  
The gray and everlasting rocks,  
And hollow caverns whose grim darkness locks  
The fiery secrets of the universe  
    Come to thy call—

    The glorious generations  
Of former worlds leap from their marble graves  
    And unto thee rehearse

The mighty poem of the lost creations  
In God's first flint-bound volume writ ; the waves  
Lay bare their treasures and unseal their caves

Before thy burning eye  
In living, magical transparency.

Like Israel's glorious leader thou dost stretch  
Thy wand across the rushing tide of years  
And roll it back, and from its chambers fetch  
To life its lovely wrecks and smiles and tears ;  
The sweeping tide of things  
Speeds onward with a vast, usurping roll  
Unto some distant, still receding goal—  
We hear the dismal clash of wings,  
(Dark Libitina's, Queen of Funerals,)  
The cries, the laughter, shrieks and thundering falls  
Of self-stabbed kingdoms and blood-turreted walls—

The brown-cheeked Autumns and the violet Springs,  
Aspects and customs, cities, names, opinions,  
States and dominions,  
Religions, churches, creeds,  
Dreams, arts and victories, like dull rotting weeds,  
Roll on with mournful, unrelenting sweep,  
Across the dim Irremeable Deep—  
Like cloud pursuing cloud, and shadow, shade,  
They disappear, and like a leaf all fade ;  
Thou tremblest not, but standest o'er their grave,  
Smiling at death's all-sapping wave.

Great Ocean roars  
And all his foam-helmed ranks and black battalions  
    pours,  
    Which beat and beat and beat  
Against the mountain's adamantine seat,  
Whose sun-bright forehead from its bleak repose,  
Smiles o'er a world of undissolving snows  
Upon the stream of wrecks that welters by ;  
    So thou unmoved dost gaze  
On earth's death-haunted nights and wreckful days,  
    For thou dost never die.

The lyre, the lyre,  
Its hoarded thunders and its rushing fire,  
That from their slumbers shake the dreaming nations  
With fiery gleams and long reverberations,  
    The lyre, the lyre is thine,  
And thine to sweep its mystic strings,  
Till from its dim Eolian chambers springs  
A world of glorious beauty, symmetries,  
    Rainbows, calms and sanctities,  
    Spring Edens, Summer royalties,  
    Fairer sunsets, heavenly dreams,  
    Richer green and brighter streams,  
And shoutings of the Morning Stars and ecstasies  
    divine.

All things tremble, all things bow  
Before thy awfully majestic brow  
Save Goodness ; Cowardice and gloomy Fear  
Shrink backward, cowering from thy look severe,  
    One burning glance,  
    One levelled lance  
From that sunbeamy eye,  
And Bribery and Avarice,  
Grim Tyranny and Prejudice,  
And Wrong and Folly fly ;  
And Pride and dull Pretension melt away  
Like night before the golden wheels of day.

Great dread and anguish seize the shivering nations  
As frost, the rivers ; hope and faith are flown ;  
No voice to lull the heart's vast trepidations,  
And hurricanes seem drinking up the sun !  
No hand to curb the all-engulphing sea  
Which huge misrule and fire-brand anarchy  
Across the smileless, childless hearthstones pour  
In rage, crushed rights, drawn swords and smoking  
    gore,  
Volcanic scars and leafless desolations—  
Thou risest, and thy strong, world-thrilling word  
O'er the wild shriek of elements is heard,  
And all the surging peoples flow to thee  
    As rivers to the sea !

And when Time's fierce annihilating plough  
Has drained the world of thrones  
And crumbled down its monumental stones,  
Still thou shalt stand as now,  
The lightning in thy hand, the rainbow round thy  
brow.

## GOD IN MATTER.

O'ER the green world's roar and silence, thundering  
    waves and creeping rills,  
Rumbling marts and manless deserts, Tropic isles and  
    Arctic hills,  
O'er the graveyard's quiet keeping and its willow-  
    shaded sod,  
Through the amethystine woodlands, roll the whispers  
    of our God.  
Just behind the crystal shadow which the waves and  
    mountains fling,  
Just behind the forms and splendors which the leaves  
    and seasons bring,  
Changeless, passionless, eternal, smiling, our great Fa-  
    ther stands,  
And in order and in glory evermore the work expands;  
He whose breath first blew o'er chaos sees not as His  
    creatures see,  
All to Him in light is open, all to them is mystery ;

Dream not, gloomy unbeliever, that the little blade  
but, *grows*,  
And no wiser friend and sovereign than the clouds and  
breezes knows,  
Say not earth is chance-begotten, through her shining  
path to run  
Far from Him who scooped her oceans as the centre  
from the sun ;  
Be not bold to utter maxims thou hast not the power  
to trace  
Back through Time's involving shadows unto Truth's  
high dwelling-place—  
From the hour when first o'er chaos rolled the all-creat-  
ing breath,  
And the beauteous worlds came singing from their  
marble sea of death,  
Evermore our Father worketh wondrous things in  
earth and sky,  
Step by step, from small to greatest, onward through  
infinity.  
Myriad years ere our prime Mother grasped the sad,  
mysterious fruit,  
From whose touch the sunshine darkened and the  
Angel harps grew mute,  
Did the rainbow clasp the valley, roll the bannered  
thunder-shower ;

Forests faded with the summer and the whirlwind's  
    wing had power ;  
Ages ere the palm-tree rustled against the shining  
    Eden walls,  
Pairing birds in groves and twilights had their nests  
    and madrigals,  
Solemn flew the linkèd seasons, billows frothed upon  
    the strand,  
And the falling robes of Autumn shadowed all the  
    stretching land,  
Just as pensive dawned October, just as soft the banks  
    of May,  
But the names the Angels gave them with their steps  
    have passed away ;  
Back within the hoary Ages ere the great Orion's  
    birth,  
Ere the primal vapor rolling, shaped itself to star or  
    earth,  
From His inmost place of splendor looked the all-  
    creating Word,  
Down the waste of frozen silence by no breath of  
    being stirred,  
Sudden through the hollow darkness rushed the sound,  
    " let there be light"—  
And the mighty worlds rose shining from the Stygian  
    gulph of Night.

From the Night's unsounded darkness, forth on life  
exulting hurled,  
Wheels into its rushing circuit choiring globe and tidal  
world,  
Till from Nothing's blank abysses at our God's resist-  
less call,  
Leaps to form *our* beauteous planet with her flowers  
and music all ;  
Whilst the pall of darkness wrapped her lay she thus  
in death, alone—  
Vast confusion ; land and billow, cloud and rock and  
island one ;  
Then, as day by day in silence broods the dove upon  
her nest  
With her form upon her birdlings tenderly and warmly  
pressed,  
So the Spirit's snowy pinions trembled o'er the waste  
abyss,  
Till from disharmonious being rose the seats of life  
and bliss.

---

Not thus ended God's great mission in the boundless  
field of toil,  
Ceased He not to gather trophies from the land of  
golden spoil,

Wondrous act, to call from nothing, rushing world  
and tender flower,

Just as vast the act that guards them, paints and  
waters for an hour ;

And where'er a dew-drop glistens or a glow-worm  
gilds the sod,

Moves the all-arranging finger, and the silence whis-  
pers "God ;"

Dullest ears may hear the cadence where a fountain's  
murmurs rise,

Infant sight may read the symbol on the nights of  
winter skies,

Dullest ears may hear the pulses of the wide, effulgent  
plan,

'Midst the muttering snows of Hecla and the palms  
of Kordofan—

Evermore the sound is swelling upward through abys-  
mal space,

"Labor," sing the joyous planets wheeling through  
their fiery race,

"Labor, labor," roars the tempest down the concave's  
inky wall,

"Labor," shouts the cracking whirlwind to Niagara's  
giant call.

Suns beyond the farthest azure roll and glitter and  
expire—

Races, realms, and domes and mountains drowned in  
    seas of roaring fire !

From the pulseless gulphs of embers hills of riper beau-  
    ty rise,

And a second landscape freshens in the smile of softer  
    skies ;

Through the flashing constellations, down the palpitat-  
    ing blue,

Which the veil of darkness shadows but to dazzle  
    with the view,

Through the city's surging trouble and the waves'  
    eternal strife,

Rolls the golden stream of progress, life from death  
    and death from life ;—

Nought in earth or sky is useless, naught so fragile,  
    rude, or small

But must claim its place elected in the growing tem-  
    ple-wall,

Farther back within the Ages than the Seraph's  
    tongue may count,

Farther o'er Time's snow-white ridges than the human  
    mind can mount,

Chief among the starry armies great Orion blazed and  
    shone

And the galaxy, unnoticed, decked with gems her  
    regal zone ;

Farther back in hoary cycles than the reach of Thought  
can tell,  
Nursed in slime and locked in darkness grew to shape  
the wrinkled shell,  
Ages rolled and floods descended, rivers roared through  
altered course,  
Central fires and pent volcanoes urged their subterra-  
nean force,  
Mountains rose where islands vanished and that rock-  
protected form  
Sleeps in ever-during granite high above the wasting  
storm ;  
Miles below where fighting billows foam before the  
whirlwind's sweep,  
Toil and die the nameless nations of the myriad-peo-  
pled deep,  
Taught by that mysterious instinct which to them is  
God and law,  
They are piling prouder structures than the tribes of  
Nilus saw—  
Works stupendous, magic labors, passing human skill,  
unseen,  
Yet to rise in harvest-valleys and the wealth of Sum-  
mer's green,  
Where the zeal of other Britons shall the tide of com-  
merce pour,

Other Miltons grow immortal, broader Londons throb  
and roar ;  
In the ice-cliffs of Spitzbergen birds are twittering o'er  
their young,  
And the petrel's wing across the ocean's midway  
surge is flung,  
Thistle roots descend for moisture through Sahara's  
flashing sand,  
Seafowl scream in feathered cities on the beach of  
Graham's Land,  
Seals along the sands of Shetland glisten in the autumn  
ray,  
Sheltered by the jagged foreland, just above the cha-  
fing spray ;  
From the slime of black morasses lethal vapors gush  
and flow,  
Parent of the rose and lily, mother of the Promise-  
Bow—  
Thus along the crystal cycles like a fountain's moon-  
light fall,  
Run the signals of the Maker, forming, painting, lov-  
ing all ;  
There is utterance in the desert and a spirit in the  
crowd,  
And the thunder roars "Jehovah" and the silence  
whispers "God."

## THE PINE.

WILD clarion of the bleak, fire-plundered hills !  
That drownest with thy blast the shouting rills,  
What time the bellowing gales around thee sweep,  
And dash the strong oak from his granite-steep,  
Hurling him down the thundrous, void abyss,  
To choke the clamorous cataract's greedy hiss,  
His bulk thrown crosswise on its frothy lips  
Where down the blue rock's deep-scarred brow it  
dips,

Awfully beautiful in thy strength art thou,  
Loud-harping crag-king ! Frost winds sere the brow  
And drift the honors of each proud compeer—  
Maple and larch—through the pale atmosphere,  
And down the wailful glooms that hear a tale  
Of murdered lilies from each rifled vale.  
Not so the arrowy tempest bursts on thee,  
Robed in thy emerald eternity !  
Defiant, thou dost stretch thy sinewy arms  
To the fierce north, shaking a thousand swarms

Of wingèd dirges from thy shivering cells,  
Wherein the soul of Music heaves and swells  
Like tides within the hollow of the sea,  
Or the throne-rocking shout whose trumpet tells  
A nation bounding from its fetters free.  
Great organist ! that all night long dost blow  
Athwart the inaccessible, crackling snow  
That robes the frozen hills, thy soulèd hymns  
And deep-tongued pæans, till the silence swims  
With a vague, boundless chaos, billowing round,  
Of melancholy, sweet, funereal sound ;  
Beautiful from the Pentelicus of old,  
With flower and polished flute and rich vine-fold,  
The breathless marble leaped to life and form  
As if with all the soul that planned it, warm ;  
Beneath the sounding chisel rose and shone  
Amidst the splendors of the Parthenon,  
Meet honor to a virgin Deity—  
Yet what are all results of toil to thee,  
All Greek or Roman art, imperial tree !  
For never yet hath mortal man seen rise,  
From the rough quarry to rejoicing skies,  
Column of such magnificence as thine,  
O memory-haunting pine,  
Green, ocean-throated, immemorial pine !  
Rock-nursed apocalypse of that secret Power

Which wove thy crown and the small violet-flower  
With the same breath, and gave them life and hue,  
Strength, odor, glory, sunlight, and the dew,  
Well did the ancient bid thy banners wave  
Above the jaws of the appalling grave ;  
Thou wast a symbol true,  
Thou, the dark cypress and the gloomy yew,  
A fitting type of man from birth to death,  
Of his vain eminence and quick-flown breath ;  
When he lies down no more he loves or knows  
The autumn pomp or glory of the rose !  
Not as for dormant seed or withered flower,  
Doth May's all-jubilant Resurrection hour  
Wait at man's ashy tomb  
With other wreaths, new beauty and new bloom,  
Nor yet at thine,  
O hollow-fluting, silver-bannered pine !  
And when, with panting blow,  
The woodman lays thee low,  
    A glorious wreck along the roaring wild,  
No more thy prisoned root  
Shall rear the verdant shoot  
    Or to the heavens thy lordly crown be piled,  
With wrenching storms to play  
And tear the black cloud's thunder-fringe away.

## A DAY BY THE DELAWARE.

THE wild winds of the northern hills  
Bound by me like the mountain roe,—  
My bosom at their passing thrills,  
I bless them as they come and go ;  
Thrice joyous winds, ye come with psalms  
And odors from the woods and caves,  
Ye come like conquerors bearing palms  
For breaking hearts and sorrow's slaves.

Sweet vales of green, bright summer days,  
Ye woods, ye open books of God !  
Writ on the boughs, the silver haze,  
The running brook and balmy sod ;  
Could ye, in hues thus glorious drest,  
Shine on through all the rolling year,  
With you my troubled heart could rest,  
And find its final Eden here.

Ye thralls of dusty mart and street,  
Ye prisoners of the dull brick wall,  
Come where these emerald shadows meet,  
Stand where these babbling waters call;  
Come, bathe your brows in these free airs,  
And gaze o'er hill and grove and plain,  
In these cool dews wash out your cares,  
And ye shall wear your strength again.

Green hills of Delaware, ye stand  
Like gods to guard the noble stream,  
Whose waters like a battle brand  
Around your hoary barriers gleam;  
The torrent of the sunset flows,  
To dash your brows in golden foam,  
And like an eye above them glows—  
The clasp of God's blue temple dome.

The mists of evening, thin and gray,  
Around the western peaks are curled,  
And one by one the steps of day  
Slope downward from the dreaming world;  
I hear my heart's long buried peals  
Ring faintly up the gathering gloom,  
While through my lifted window steals  
The incense of the locust bloom.

## A SUMMER STORM.

BILLOW on, billow on, triumphant storm,  
Spread out on the hills thy awful form,  
With a hollow jar and a midnight frown,  
On the streams and the vales come rolling down,  
Stretch hither thy black, tremendous wing,  
Thou terrible, darkly glorious thing !  
The fainting woods and the lifeless lea  
Lift up imploring eyes to thee,  
And the waters turn with a silent prayer  
To thy mustering hosts in the stifled air.

With an earthquake tread and a wrathful eye  
The storm in his might is towering high :  
His wild forerunner, the hurrying gale,  
Rolls round the mountain and down the vale,  
And a dull blue mist like a sudden sea,  
Is boiling and warping across the hill,  
Where the van of the tempest in wild-eyed glee,  
Is bending the boughs to its rushing will ;

Nearer and nearer, and still more near,  
Like an army with shout and brand and spear,  
And streaming plumes and banners unfurled,  
He is rushing down on the cowering world ;  
And the dust is dashed and the forest reels,  
From the rapid rush of his clanging wheels ;  
By the sounds like an ocean's distant moan,  
By the wrestling pine-trees' deeper tone,  
By the ruffled silver of many leaves,  
From the rock-nursed oak to the vine of the eaves,  
By the fiery gleams and the gathering gloom,  
Like the hour of a nation's judgment doom,  
By the trickling drop on the window pane,  
I know the march of the roaring rain.  
He is come, he is come, the tall grass kneels  
In the path of his royal chariot wheels ;  
The brooks go by with a song and shout,  
Like warriors to victory rushing out ;  
And they hedge the groves with a band of foam  
As they leap from the doors of their mountain home.  
With the war of waters, the roar and din,  
The cope of the heavens is mining in ;  
Over the meadow and over the corn,  
Is the dripping car of the conqueror borne,  
And his joy is hymned and his glory sung  
By the roll of the thunder's crashing tongue.

The crooked blade of the lightning springs  
From its sheath of cloud, on the regal oak,  
Its hissing edge on the pine tree rings,  
And his glorious shaft streams up in smoke.  
He comes, he comes, the hemlocks bend  
To his irresistible, rocking blast.  
And the maples groan as his wings descend,  
And the hosts of the rain go roaring past.  
He is gone, he is gone, with a dying roar,  
To break on the rocks of eternity's shore ;  
All living things wear a softer smile,  
The human bosom hath less of guile,  
The singing bird hath a mellower note,  
A richer glory is poured abroad,  
And holier hymns through the desert float  
For the love and the truth and the rain of God.

## THE MOCKING-BIRD.

THE morn comes tripping up the sky,  
And dancing o'er the dædal earth,  
Whose woods and streams, beneath his eye,  
Leap upward to a glorious birth—  
A second youth of life and song,  
As sweet and fair, as when along  
Creation's morning hills pealed out  
The rolling hymn, the boundless shout,  
Poured from the lips of spotless ones—  
Jehovah's crowned and radiant sons.

From out the alder chirps the wren,  
The partridge whistles from the glen,  
Up floats a gush of laughter gay,  
From children at their early play,  
Where the thick woodbine's odorous torch  
Beams through the planter's shaded porch,  
And the bold king-bird's angry cry  
Jars like a battle trumpet by ;  
But who is he that all night long,

Has poured his matchless music-storm,  
And with the glory of his song,  
    Made the dead heart of silence warm ;  
Nor yet, though morn's triumphant rays,  
On bough and roof and woodland blaze,  
Forgets in golden floods to pour  
The tide of his unequaled lore ?

Far in the deep and whispering night—  
    Great hoary mother of the stars,  
Whilst o'er the wall—a solemn light—  
    The round moon slants her silver bars,  
Ah, then a wild and sudden strain  
Comes like a cloud of golden rain,  
So sweet, so strange and wild a tone  
Steals down the midnight dim and lone ;—  
So sweet and clear its accents come  
Across the still night's holy gloom,  
I deem some angel form hath strayed  
    Earthward from courts that shine on high,  
Once more to walk the fragrant shade,  
    And link again the earth and sky.

Perched on yon topmost, glittering thorn,  
    Brave leader of the choiring throng,

His breast against the cheek of morn,  
Exults the hero of my song ;  
His dark eye flashing in the sun,  
From swelling throat and amorous bill,  
The music-tides leap up and run  
In radiant wave and lisping rill,—  
O, not a love-chant e'er was sung,  
A vesper or a matin rung  
From roof or bough, by airy tongue ;—  
O, not a joyous note or strain  
Along the summer gale is rolled,  
But, tangled in that wondrous brain,  
Is stored like sands of native gold,  
To be, from his green, dewy throne,  
In rippling mirth or anthem-tone,  
Poured forth to tremble, burn and die  
Along the lonely, listening sky,  
And brighter grow the maiden's eyes,  
And children clap their hands to hear  
Such wild, imperial melodies,  
As well might suit a sinless sphere.

Exulting with an airy bound,  
As tired of earth's familiar ground,  
With shining, barred and fanlike wings,  
He, toward the gorgeous welkin springs ;

There hangs like an entrancèd cloud,  
The shower and music's pearly shroud,  
Then downward to his perch, that bends  
Beneath his royal feet, descends,  
As if with joy's deep vintage drunk,  
He to his earthly bower had sunk ;  
Thus newly perched, he sings and sings,  
And round his breezy challenge flings,  
And forth his tuneful discord rings,  
From quick to slow, from gay to grave,  
With wave succeeding crystal wave ;  
Now from the tall oak's crowning bough,  
He pours his silver rain, and now,  
From mossy roof and garden pale  
With sweetness loads the dizzy gale,  
Now o'er the furrowed fields afar,  
Curves downward like a shooting star  
That from its pathway backward pours  
An anthem toward the eternal shores ;  
Now on the lowly cotton-crest  
His broad and gleaming pinions rest,  
And shaking with his quivering plumes,  
The gold-dust from its yellow blooms,  
With rosy storm and silver shower,  
To silence charms the noonday hour,  
Till rocks and woods and valleys green,  
And hills with shining brooks between—

All in the bright horizon's rim,  
In that melodious ocean swim.

All spirits of sweet sound that dwell  
Deep in the flute's voluptuous cell,  
And all the lute-like sounds that sleep  
Far in the wildwood dark and deep,  
The blue bird's trill, the noisy wren,  
The partridge piping from the glen,  
The martin calling from the eaves,  
The red-bird from his throne of leaves,  
The lark that toward his nestlings pours  
A greeting as he sunward soars,  
All breath and burn within thy lay,  
Wild warbler on the Southern spray,  
And crown thee first of tuneful throngs,  
Bird of the thousand silver songs !

## HALF - WAY .

SOME silver lines begin to show  
Amidst the brown like threads of snow  
    Along December hills,  
While every bright-eyed bird that sings  
Has flown, to break with dappled wings,  
    The glass of Southern rills.

Ah, thirty-four, brave thirty-four !  
One green, revolving summer more  
    Will set my hurrying feet  
Upon the mid-way, rounding slope  
Of seventy years, while radiant Hope  
    And pensive memory meet.

O, fleeting months ! O, wasting years !  
Sad days ! and nights of haunting fears !  
    Ye came and ye are gone—  
Ye brought and broke some blessed dreams,  
Ye dried some cool, refreshing streams,  
    And left the dusty stone !

Backward—my path lies dim in storms—  
Dark-muffling palls and spectral forms  
    And poisoned blossoms wave ;  
Still, as I count each vanished foe  
And severing hand, I grieve to know  
    The worst was not the grave.

Not saddest are the bells that toll  
Some patient, loved, and lovely soul,  
    Back to its mansion fled ;  
Grief hath a deeper grief than all  
The grave can bring—the heavy pall  
    That wraps the *living dead* !

True, there are spots like myrtle isles,  
That bloom and send their golden smiles  
    Down o'er the surging storms,  
Green banks and vales—the whispering grove,  
And flowers of woman's holier love,  
    And childhood's lily forms ;

A falling eye, a sweet, young face,  
A soft tone in a shady place  
    Girt by a jasmine wall ;  
The trance of quiet Sabbath hours—  
Ah, royal gems, dear, painted flowers,  
    Trampled and withered all !

Yet who laments that all are gone?—  
Pours on the cold, memorial stone  
    Grief's wild, tumultuous tides?  
What soul so hopeless, poor, and vain  
To tread life's weary road again  
    For all the gems it hides?

To drink the scorn, to feel the shame  
That eats away the heart like flame,  
    With not a face to love;  
To hear a thousand clarions call  
Away to Glory's crowning hall,  
    Without the power to move—

I crave it not! yet thanks to Thee,  
Lord of the lily, heart, and sea,  
    For life, though held in pain;  
I yearn, am blind, I faint, I pine,  
Yet, yet the glorious task is mine  
    A better land to gain.

Green spread for me the Summer hills,  
Soft hangs the bridal blue that fills  
    The noon's imperial arch,  
Mine are the songs of bird and blast,  
The softer memories of the Past—  
    The stars' triumphal march.

'Tis mine the brooklet's maze to trace,  
Look on the regal human face  
    Still redolent of God ;  
In gentle word and quiet deed,  
To swathe some hearts that ache or bleed,  
Uproot the thistle and venomous weed,  
And strew the olive and myrtle seed,  
    As violets strew the sod.

For these, to Thee, be incense given,  
First, Highest, Brightest, King of Heaven,  
    And Lord of quick and dead !  
Thanks, for the desert's wasted springs,  
As for the fount that nearest sings,  
And to the soft wind's idle wings,  
Dissolves in diamond whorls and rings,  
    As if it heard Thy tread !

Thanks, for the glory of the rose—  
The mantle of the mountain snows—  
Thanks, for the tyrant's brazen blows,  
    And for the scorner's scorn ;  
Thanks, when the good and lovely bow  
In death, as for the Blessed Brow  
    That wore the Crown of Thorn !

In the lashed slave's unpitied groans,  
In rooms where the starved orphan moans,  
    In the heart's crushing stone—  
Yea, in the mighty sobs that knoll  
The breaking of the Golden Bowl,  
    Great God, Thy will is done.

## A GREETING.

MY heart is leaning to thee, old friend,  
From the bleak New England hills,  
And through the mist of the tingling snows,  
And over the frozen rills;  
The fields are white as an infant's shroud,  
And the days are cold and drear,  
And the shriek of the blast in the naked boughs,  
Is a fearful sound to hear.

But far, far off in the milder South—  
In the land of the bloom and bee,  
And of noble men that never again  
May open their hearts to me,  
Is a gentler breeze and a bluer sky,  
The stars have a sweeter ray,  
And the nights of the balmy winter time,  
Show soft as an April day.

I think of the pleasant paths, old friend,  
I trod in summer with thee  
Through the rustling maize and the dark old wood,  
And under the stately tree.  
They are gone, all gone ! and naught remains  
But the scent of a withered rose,  
Yet my heart is leaning to thee, old friend,  
From the foot of the Northern snows.

I sit alone in my silent room,  
In the moaning and dark night hours,  
And dream of the woods and the mossy hills,  
And yearn for the time of flowers ;  
And thought goes wandering far away  
To the land of the bird and bee,  
And the leafy paths of the wilderness  
That I roved, old friend, with thee.

Few barks may traverse the fateful deeps,  
With broad sails side by side,  
The terror of black Typhoon will blow,  
And asunder in tears we ride ;  
But what though garments are drenched in brine,  
And shattered both helm and mast,  
If our feet from the wreckful strand, go up  
To the Amaranth hills at last ?

## HEREAFTER.

THE billows of eternity dash by  
With glories, hallelujahs, odors, thrones,  
And meet, on its enormous strand, no wreck,  
No gory footprints of insatiate death—  
Dead ? yes, I passed what all men hold as death,  
I heard the wails and ravings of my wife,  
I knew my mother bowed upon my couch  
And hid her face amid the drapery  
With that most bitter cry which in it hath  
A sound of gravel on a coffin lid ;  
The heavy odor of medicinal drugs  
Grew faint, a rankling clangor smote my ear  
Like bells in dreams and all grew still and dark.  
Heavens ! I believe a moment gone my lip  
Was warmed into a smile to think if this  
Be the fell triumph of the charnel King,  
That men should tremble, shriek and be appalled  
At the grim thunder of his iron door ;  
But I will pause ; these clouds and glorious hills

Seem not as those which sleep in earthly beams,  
And the innumerable throng who press  
Thick as the hoarse gale rolls autumnal leaves,  
Look not as those who drink of mortal springs—  
Their eyes are solemn, as with warring hopes,  
Awful inquiry and dread prescience fraught.

Dead, yet alive ! with breath, limb, heart and eyes,  
Dead, yet through death's appalling crash I rise ;  
Yes, this is the eternal gale that flies  
Over the bowed heads of the golden flowers  
And stirs these semblances of earthly bowers ;  
    Ah, banished from the earth,  
    Its music and its mirth,  
The rain-dance on its multitudinous leaves,  
The jasper splendor of its autumn eves,  
Gone from its laws, its love, its scorn and shame,  
All that enchanted in the feverish game  
Of honor, eminence, lust, hypocrisy ;  
Yet I see not what fancy feared to see,  
I find not here all that I thought to find—  
The ungainly phantoms of the earthly mind ;  
Where are the dooming Judgment's awful forms,  
The Almighty heel that crushes human worms ?  
Where is the Omnipotent and unknown One,  
    Where the Incarnate Son ?

Where are the immaculate, beatific host,  
The rainbow forehead of the Holy Ghost ?  
As yet I see them not, I see a world,  
Its sapphire, glorious vault above unfurled,  
The nurse of hill, vale, mountain, flower and tree,  
Light, sound, magnificence and mystery ;  
How like to all I saw and doted on  
In that dim world of phantasies now gone !  
Phantasies ? Great God ! the only one is Death  
Who shrieks in the crazéd ear, "there is no breath

No human voice, no human form,  
No cloud or field with mellow sunlight warm,  
No toil, no change, no motion,  
No grove, no temple, forest, tide or ocean  
Beyond earth's little space of blood and trade  
Along whose verge we wander gropingly  
Like men who fight the darkness with a torch."

Well I remember now, a mighty fever  
That boiled and hissed and struggled like a river  
Of molten metal through my brain, while I  
Lay down and moaned and wept and feared to die ;  
I heard the sobs grow fainter in my room,  
Some lurid flashes shot athwart the gloom,  
Then came a dull, cold night without a gleam  
Or faint delusion of a wandering dream,

Then, o'er the heavy Lethe that around  
My heart had settled and its pulses drowned,  
There came a voice faint as the breath of streams  
Borne to the soul from the pale land of dreams,  
That loud and louder grew, and rising, broke  
Into a silver peal, and I awoke,  
Awoke to breathe, to feel my pulse beat on,  
To think, remember, hunger, walk and thirst,  
A living, hoping, fearing, perfect man.

How the great human sea is hither rolled  
From every realm and vault and ocean-cave !  
The young, the old, the crowned, the slave,  
Pale, delicate, veined women, warriors bold—

Christ ! how they stream and stream,  
Far inward thick as pebbles on the shore,  
And rapid as the trances of a dream,  
Surging and rolling inward ever, evermore ;  
Not one in seventy of the throng who come

Hither to their new home

But inly says "I dreamed,  
Morn through the portals of the Orient streamed,  
I woke to the stale, common, endless story  
Of revel, wrong, crushed hopes and empty glory,  
Gold, tilth, love, commerce, ravage, death and birth,  
On some strange shore; some foreign clime of *earth*;"

By life and flowers of life is death belied  
And none will say "I died,"  
And I, the dead-alive,  
Who through that dark, tremendous wreck survive,  
Which even the glorious Lord of life appalled,  
Still as of old, with change and toil must strive,  
With staggering doubt and awful mystery walled—  
Each looks into another's eyes  
And clasps or shuddering flies ;  
All as they *are*, foul, dark or bright, appear,  
No venomous, smiles, no masquerading here !  
None dare the net to catch a brother weave,  
These gales have never rolled the sound "deceive"—  
I will see who was worthy of my trust,  
For half the throng are sorcerers, thieves and liars,  
Even with these awful beacons red before,  
And Death's tremendous, iron door behind ;  
Hark ! what a voice streams down the charmed gales,  
Half zephyr, half cathedral sound that seems  
The birth-hour shout of young eternities !  
It billows through these labyrinthine bowers  
And drowns my vision with a tide of flowers  
And chokes my path with rose and lily drifts—  
Sweet leaves, dear hues ! the same, the same, O God !  
With which I wooed and won my soft-eyed Mary,  
Whose charms will cloy another's love or lust,

While I shall be to her the dream of a dream,  
A disembodied, homeless, passionless voice,  
Like her, who, slighted of Narcissus' love,  
Pined off into a melancholy sound  
To wail and wander through abysmal space.  
That shout rolls on and tosses the gold boughs,  
And trembles down the ruby-fronted vales,  
Then up the vistas of the amber clouds  
And odorous caverns of the rosy air,  
Rolls like a silver-mouthèd ocean boom!  
The swarming worlds, the dædal universe  
Lie mapped out awfully before my feet,  
Harmonious chaos, splendors infinite—  
Dominions, thrones, unbounded breadth and height  
Of ether, tremulous with deity  
And streaked with golden sands of hoary stars,  
Their green sides palpitating with the love  
That decorates, ensouls and fashions all—  
I must away, God knows to what self-wrought,  
Thrice blessed or blood-curdling destinies.

## M Y W I F E .

DEAR name ! first breathed in Paradise,  
And warbled down the rosy air,  
And wafted through the stainless skies  
And up the silver vault, to where  
The Heavenly splendors burn and glow  
Around the Triune Mystery—  
I ne'er, in mortal time, may know  
The sweetness that is hid in thee.

On all the hills o'er which the wind  
Rolls with its thousand-harping sound,  
Is not so sweet a cadence shrined,  
Is not so rich a music found  
As in that single holy name  
Of " wife," first breathed by angel lips,  
Ere they with eyes of golden flame,  
Beheld the night of Sin's eclipse,  
In tears and pain and blighting dew,  
Fall cold around the Primal Two.

Dear is the name of "friend" to those  
Who sail this bleak, tempestuous sea  
Of Human Life, while keenly blows  
The gale of black Adversity,  
And sweetly up the gulph of years  
Returns the holy accent "mother,"  
And "sister" calms our childish fears,  
And manly is the sound "my brother;"  
Yet, yet I know a sound as sweet,  
With heavenly music more complete;  
And richer than the golden song  
Of birds upon the gate of Dawn,  
While glancing wings the branches throng,  
And June trips with her roses on,  
Is that one word, with mystic art  
Which binds us to some kindred heart.

"My wife" hath trembled from the red  
And reeking lips of him whose thought  
Ne'er soared above the miry bed  
Where the dull swine lies down to rot;  
And the hoarse libertine hath drunk  
In maudlin triumph to that name,  
Which in his blighted soul hath sunk  
Still deeper the hot bolt of shame.

O wedded Love ! O symbol bright,  
Of that most holy, deathless tie,  
Which links the chosen sons of light  
To Him who chose for them to die ;  
May he whose soul ne'er rose above  
The miser's dust, a brute's desire,  
Through Love's green paths of myrtle rove,  
Or to his pearly heights aspire,  
Or breathe the sacred balm that springs  
Like incense from his silver wings ?  
No ! let him wear his crown of dust,  
His purest love is gilded lust !

My gentle wife, I sometimes fear  
That Heaven hath poured too large a good  
On one so frail and vile as I,  
To feed me thus on angel's food,  
And drench me in the rosy wine  
Of love so pure and deep as thine ;  
And well I know a fearful thing  
It is, to win a human heart  
Around our own to twine and cling  
With strength which only Death can part.  
Cheeks I have seen more like the rose,  
And forms more delicate to view,  
And foreheads more like mountain snows,  
And locks that glanced a brighter hue,

3

And yet, of high or lowly birth,  
On all our green and lovely earth,  
There's not a lip that shames the rose,  
Nor brow, though like the Alpine snows,  
And bound with half the diadems  
Snatched from the deep, relentless sea—  
There's not a form, though locked in gems,  
Half, half so beautiful to me  
As that dear eye and brow of thine,  
Because thy woman's heart is mine.

Afar from thee, beloved one,  
Yet, yet thy calm, sweet face I see,  
And o'er the distance wide and lone,  
Thought wanders yearning back to thee,  
Like some lost bird that seeks her nest,  
While night is hovering o'er the west.  
O, come to me! the woods are sere  
On Housatonic's regal hills,  
Yet the bright robin's note I hear,  
And Spring hath loosed the shouting rills;  
Soon, soon the clover-sандаled May  
Her cheek upon the buds will lay,  
And every bough and turf shall be  
A temple and a shrine to thee,  
And bid the gentle stranger hail  
To velvet bank and mossy vale.

## A WINTER NIGHT.

A GLORIOUS bard has sung the evening wind  
In tones that warble like a brook in June ;  
But had he wrapped the " drapery of his couch  
About him " in this bleak and haunted room,  
This antique, melancholy, moaning room,  
Where I lie down to dream, but not to sleep,  
And, half afraid, see my expiring lamp  
Shoot its vague, ghastly flicker o'er the walls  
Like the thin robes of spectres in a dance  
Around a felon's grave, and flare and bend  
Before the insolent and prying gust ;  
Had that sweet bard lain down to sleep and dream  
In this antique, dim, melancholy room,  
He would have heard a wilder voice than leaves  
Kissing each other's foreheads in the dusk  
Of summer eves, or dance of fluting breeze,  
Or hoarser murmur of the restless waves.  
Roar, roar ! Great God, how. Thou dost make the  
winds,

The free, wide-wingéd, thundering winds of heaven,  
A mighty organ-pipe to toll Thy praise,  
Thy power and glory through the frightened world !  
Shuddering, I draw my weary frame behind  
Its pillowy shield, responsive to the jar,  
The thrill, and horror of the oak-ribbed walls  
And shivering pines far out upon the waste  
That writhe and groan at every wounded nerve.  
The air boils as it never boiled before,  
Since God threw wide the windows of the sky  
And hurled such deluge down of darkness, hail,  
And thundrous rain, as blanched the carnage-blots  
From out the old world's guilt-bedraggled skirts,  
Tossing her rock-walled hills as winds, dead leaves,  
Whelming her vineyards, towers, and golden vales,  
Her temples, herds, and thrones, within a gulph  
Of slimy, voiceless, starless nothingness.  
Rave, rave, ye winds ! and clarion the name,  
The power, and terror of your master, God !  
For there is One that holds you in His hand  
Or bids you forth to pile the world with wrecks.  
To-night my soul is leaning toward the shrine  
Of that resplendent, sweet idolatry  
Which drew the hearts and hoary forms of Eld,  
The glorious bards and wild-eyed priestesses  
That roamed amidst Dodona's oaks and heard,

In Tempe's olive shades, the song of nymphs,  
And charming pipings of voluptuous Pan,  
And saw in clouds and the red path of storms  
The wrathful brow and lifted arm of Jove.  
Their prescient eyes interpreted the light  
Of the Undying Dream, the Life to come ;  
And in the calm or ruffled elements,  
In streams that wandered through the solemn groves,  
In flowers and stars and sighing autumn winds  
That shook the fruitage from the mellow boughs,  
And shouting War that blackens the green hills  
And dashes all their limpid purls with blood,  
They saw a living likeness of themselves  
In passion, love, and the grim lust of power ;  
And I, to-night, can deem the caged winds  
Have issued forth, at the loud signal-blow  
Of their great lord against his dungeon walls,  
In wrath and vengeance, bearing sword and shield,  
The lofty front and fiery blood of gods,  
To seize and tear the royal ermine folds  
That robe the rocky shoulders of the hills !  
That jar again ! Heavens ! when did mortal ear  
Rock on the surges of so fierce a wail ?  
Or Fancy eddy down the boiling gulph  
Of sound so iron-tongued and thunder-barbed ?  
All, all the groans that rocked old Cannæ's hills,

The black-lipped cannon whose tremendous growl  
Rent the dun sulphur-dome of Waterloo,  
Were Zephyr-notes beside your mountain harp,  
O! awful shades and hollow-bugling winds!  
Hell from beneath is moved to walk the earth  
And flute her drunken joy along the crags!  
The stars have toppled from their diamond thrones  
And drowned their fiery foreheads in the sea  
Of frozen darkness and chaotic night—  
The keen gusts seize the burly, spectral drifts  
And scourge them forth in sheets of tingling fog,  
Till the wide atmosphere and haggard fields  
Seem one black sea of hungry, wrangling sound,  
And this bleak hill, the lone, beleaguered isle,  
On which the frosty billows warp and clang  
Like some enormous, grim, funereal bell,  
Rung by the red and bony hands of ghouls,  
To peal their triumph o'er a shattered world!  
And I, in trembling, ask the distant woods,  
The hissing, trenchant snows and my own heart,  
How shall another summer morning burst  
Or violet open in the icy vales?

## UNNOTICED HEROES.

Woods have their blossoms which we ne'er behold,  
And skies their worlds whose light is never shown,  
Ocean, its treasures of unnoted gold,  
And earth her heroes that are all unknown.

You meet them as you pass, and heed them not,  
You may not know what hosts before them fell;  
You may not count the battles they have fought—  
The wreaths that crown them are invisible.

Yet they have fought and conquered; they have bent  
Night after night beside the couch of pain,  
They have confronted scorn and death, and lent  
Their blood to make the stricken whole again.

They have been pilgrims to that desert shrine  
Which Sorrow rears in the bleak realm, Despair;  
Oft have they struggled in that gloomy mine  
Where only dust is made the toiler's share.

They have beheld their sweetest hopes decay,  
Oft have they seen their brightest dreams depart;  
Have seen their golden idols turned to clay,  
And many bear within, a broken heart.

Their veiled and mighty scars they ever bear,  
Those scars that lie deep-burned into the soul,  
Won where the flaming eyes of vengeance glare,  
And the tumultuous fires of passion roll.

They have been victors! they have conquered fields  
Earth's dreaded Hannibal's could never win;  
They have struck down the sword Ambition wields,  
And trampled Lust and chained the hands of Sin.

They have won captives! their sweet tones have  
brought  
The erring back to Virtue's flowery path;  
Their own, and others' hearts submission taught  
To God's high will, and smoothed the brow of wrath.

They drink the dregs of trembling, but their moans  
And anguished wails they stifle in the breast,  
They say there is an Ear that hears their groans  
And in His house the weary will find rest.

Want, grief, the scorn of men on them descend—  
They only say it is His righteous will ;  
With chastened spirits to that will they bend,  
Believing, striving, hoping, loving still.

O, there are daily martyrdoms that we  
Heed not—the sufferers are to us unknown,  
But angels from the walls of Eden see  
How glorious are the laurels they have won !

## A RED RIVER SCENE.

### PART I.

EXILED from home, with sadly pensive mind,  
Through pathless woods my lonely course I wind,  
The sun darts round a fierce meridian ray,  
The buzzard's shadow swims across my way  
A wingéd blot upon the ripply gold  
Of Heaven's warm blush spread o'er the parchéd  
mould—

Through Sundered boughs and blue-eyed vistas rolled ;  
Alone, alone, in the wild woods am I ;  
I, with my soul, the branches and the sky.  
The owl's large eyes upon me gloat and stare,  
Dull, vague, misformed to front the simmering glare ;  
The glossy deer, upstarting with a bound,  
Fades like a moonbeam o'er the rustling ground ;  
The fox has paused, looks back, then disappears  
Deep in the wild cane's green and tapering spears ;  
The swollen creeks, that seem to wait or sleep,

Round the stained trunks like huge, red serpents  
creep ;

More dense and blind my sultry pathway grows,  
The straggling brambles tear my face and clothes,  
Till now, emerged beneath the wrathful sun,  
While toil's salt rivers down my temples run,  
And from his blaze some denser branches shield,  
Before me spreads a Southern COTTON FIELD—  
Acres that half great London scarce could fill,  
How level, gray, monotonous, and still !  
Forests of sapless trunks and mouldering trees  
That piecemeal drop, and vibrate in the breeze ;  
A hawk flaps, screaming, up the torrid air,  
A squirrel rustles to his leafy lair,  
Eying the loathly banquet spread for him,  
The vulture lolls upon the blasted limb ;  
O'er the long furrows lusty negroes bow,  
And ebon women guide the trenching plough.  
While thus, well-pleased, I view the bloomless scene  
That next June-showers shall robe in gorgeous green,  
And, ere October's moan for summer tolls,  
Shall heave, a universe of streaming bolls,  
The forms which Fancy's air-built temple throng,  
Still strive in verse and glide in rustic song.

## PART II.

## THE COTTON GIN.

WHEN kings are dead and thrones are hurled, O Whitney,  
    to the dust,  
And names that shook the earth like storms are cased  
    in eating rust,  
When honest worth shall wear the crown by noble  
    strivings won,  
And Cæsar shall but Cæsar be, and Attila but Hun,  
When purer love shall warm the hearts and sway the  
    wills of men,  
And Risen Christ, with shining steps, shall tread the  
    waves again,  
Thy name shall roll, a holy sound, through earth's  
    bewildered story,  
And burn in her blue vault of fame, a royal star in  
    glory.  
There steals upon my soul a sound, a clear, prophetic  
    tone,  
Like gales on which a thousand pines out-roll their  
    brazen moan,  
It comes from stars, and winds and leaves, from all  
    the glorious Past

Hath locked within her dusky womb of silence, cold  
and vast.

“Though blood may gush, and ramparts quake, and  
sworded conquerors wear

The laurels wove from trophies won by the red battle-  
glare,

A greener wreath, a brighter crown is woven for his  
brow,

Who, through long years of toil and pain, an earnest  
soul shall bow,

And lay his life an offering on that most holy  
shrine

Reared to the sun-eyed goddess Truth, and Charity  
divine.”

Afar within our Southern clime, a taper plant is grow-  
ing,

Upon whose crest the fair, rich blooms like yellow  
moons are glowing,

And ere departing autumn suns the whispering woods  
imbrown,

There sleeps within the seaméd boll a little world of  
down,

And, locked from bird and sun and storm, within its  
royal cell,

Unseen, the large, thick-rinded seed lies wrapped and  
guarded well.

What plastic skill, what cunning hand, what keen, vic-  
torious eye,  
Shall through great Nature's secret paths in anxious  
silence pry,  
To wake a Power whose roaring wheels and iron teeth  
may tear  
The prisoned seed from out its cell, so wondrous white  
and fair,  
Till the soft fibres, stoutly pressed in ranks of huge,  
brown bales,  
Shall crowd earth's marts and dam her wharves and  
speck her waves with sails?  
Amidst the balmy Southern vales, to seek a future  
home,  
Alone, from bleak New England hills, a pensive youth  
has come;  
There lies a shadow on his brow that looks the throne  
of Thought,  
From ancient tomes and starry eves and Autumn  
splendors caught,  
And he in gorgeous dreams has held high converse  
with the dead  
Who soared in rhyme, or to the fight their clanging  
legions led;  
In things that speak not he has heard a meaning and  
a song,

A music through the silence rolled, more anthem-like  
and strong  
Than when above entrancéd throngs the thundrous  
organ soars,  
And hallelujahs shake the dome and the great chancel  
roars;  
To him, the calm, the prophet-eyed, the wonder stands  
revealed,  
The golden gate is open thrown, the mystery un-  
sealed;  
Amidst the noisy world unknown, with keen, unflinch-  
ing gaze,  
He threads the pearly paths of art, explores her secret  
maze,  
Till, in the spirit's chambers wrought, by pain and  
silence nursed,  
Like May along the barren hills, the COTTON GIN hath  
burst,  
Whose roaring wheels and teeth of steel with ranks  
of lusty bales,  
Shall crowd our marts and dam our wharves and speck  
the waves with sails.  
Now Labor lifts her weary head, hope soaring in her  
eye,  
From mountain ledge to ocean strand her sounds of  
triumph fly;

O, what a sea of yellow blooms is heaving o'er the  
plain!

O, what a roar of tearing wheels is surging through  
my brain!

As when in power the wrathful storm comes down  
with crashing sound;

And leagues on leagues of shattered oaks lie warping  
o'er the ground,

The mossy empire of the woods rolls backward from  
the view—

At every stroke the woodman wields streams in a  
lake of blue!

Let Hudson rear his royal hills and roll his crystal  
waters

Through banks whose lovely green is pressed by Free-  
dom's loveliest daughters,

Let proud New England vaunt her names in godlike  
deeds renowned,

Her noble arts, her brows with more than Delphic  
laurel bound,

And, boasting, count her endless leagues of thunder-  
shouting rails,

O'er which the harnessed Titan, Steam, in flame and  
vapor wails,

Yet we, who look on fairer skies and breathe a softer  
clime,

And wanting half her laureled brows and mountain  
peaks sublime—  
We still an equal wreath may share, *we* claim the  
vital soul  
Of broader fame and larger power in the downy COT-  
TON BOLL!  
Right onward in its dauntless might the giant impulse  
rushes,  
Where'er a mart with commerce roars or wayside  
fountain gushes,  
By wave and crag, from shore to shore, from clime to  
clime, is rolled,  
And over strand and wharf and wall, is foaming up in  
gold;  
Before, the old woods drift away like clouds adown  
the wind,  
While groves of spires and blossomed fields are spark-  
ling up behind,  
From swamp and cave and tangled brake the savage  
wolf is driven,  
And realms, by Summer beam unpierced, are to the  
morning given;  
Up nameless streams, through plunging trunks and  
matted willows crashing,  
With oaken ribs and nerves of steel a mammoth form  
is dashing,

Whose foaming wheels and hissing breath shall bear  
the royal spoil,  
O Whitney, fast through storm and shine, of thy  
heroic toil,  
Where far into the lonely night a thousand windows  
blaze,  
A thousand whirling shafts to toil their stormy pæan  
raise—  
Where far into the dusky night the water-wheel is  
roaring,  
And smoke-wreaths from a million throats are through  
the moonlight soaring!  
Then fill to him whose name of Fame's most honored  
page is part!  
Fill high to him whose bosom bears the planter's  
noble heart!  
Hurrah! hurrah! for him whose hand upturns the  
yellow soil,  
And, bloodless, from the generous field bears off the  
downy spoil,  
Which, more to twine earth's brow with bays than  
Cæsar's host, avails,  
And walls her streams with factories and specks her  
waves with sails!

## PART III.

ONCE more among the old, majestic woods  
And twinkling shadows, where tanned Autumn floods  
With her brown tresses all the sobbing vales,  
And charms her own sad ear with twilight tales  
Of dying glories; beautiful and grand  
These aged oaks their murmuring vault expand—  
Columns the sculptor's steel ne'er rung upon,  
Fairer than graced the ancient Parthenon;  
One hour amidst this soft Arcadian gloom,  
Ascending incense and perennial bloom  
In solemn worship; glorious round me stands  
This leafy fane whose walls no human hands  
Have wreathed in pensile beauty; silence old  
And twilight here their haunted empire hold  
Over the clasping boughs and gold-eyed flowers;  
Toward the blue stars this vast cathedral towers  
How breathlessly and calm! save when the gales,  
That lash earth's mountain brows and swell her sails,  
Stream landward, panting from their viewless race  
O'er the salt foam, and blow an ocean-bass  
From these great organ-pipes; far from this scene  
The sons of avarice and pride convene,

And blood-stained Treachery and scowling Hate  
And wild-eyed Murder meet in loud debate,  
Grim Envy watches and Oppression galls,  
Revenge pursues and rabid Hunger calls.

Far other sights my footsteps welcome here,  
Far other music chains my pensive ear,  
The valleys where no harmful feet intrude,  
The odorous calm, the hoary solitude,  
The sinuous bayons arched with willow bowers,  
The sculptured hickories swathed in trumpet-flowers,  
The sapless trunks where giant growths of vine  
Like fierce, enormous anacondas twine,  
Deep in the wood imbed each mighty fold,  
And with the grasp of death their victim hold ;  
The green magnolia on whose regal crest  
The rose and lily's wedded glories rest—  
The hum of bees, the flash of rapid wings,  
The gloomy moss that round the cypress clings  
And down the mid-day twilight sighs and swings,  
The timid quail, the turtle's plaintive moan,  
With all that charmed the soul of Audubon,—  
All bid my heart through toil's long night survive,  
All say it is a fearful thing to live,  
All in mysterious language breathe to me  
Sweet prophecies of immortality,

And whilst they bid my soul before Him fall,  
Lift me still nearer to the All-in-All.

And yet where God this unhewn temple rears,  
There have been breaking hearts and burning tears ;  
Here did the myrtle turn to weeping yew,  
And, draped in woe, there dawns upon my view,  
As pensive, through these hoary shades I rove,  
A mournful legend of unhappy love.  
One hundred years, in gloom and splendor flown,  
Have worn the record from the graveyard stone,  
Since one with regal mien, whose name no more  
On earth is spoken, reached this woodland shore ;  
With friends, with goodness and his God at war,  
He from his childhood's vale had wandered far,  
With fearless step, strong arm and deadly aim,  
Through brake and fen pursued the flying game,  
Upon his casque, proud waved a snow-white plume,  
His cheek was tinged with youth's unwithered bloom,  
Beamed through the liquid azure of his eye,  
A soul which wildest perils could defy,  
A manly grace in every movement shone,  
A native music flowed in every tone,  
Whilst round his brow, hiding his temples fair,  
In golden luxury beamed the flowing hair.  
In dreams, awake, alone, amidst the throng,

He bore the memory of a fearful wrong  
Done to a gentle maid who gave her heart,  
Saw in that gift, peace, hope and heaven depart,  
And from the phrenzy-fires that scorched her brain,  
Now cursed the false one, now, her clanking chain,  
And like the wretch who first with brother's gore  
And ghastly murder stained earth's virgin shore,  
To whom through life's alternate storm and calm,  
His God showed mercy but the more to damn;  
Or that thrice-perjured one whose impious tongue,  
Strange words of scorn and bitter mockery flung  
On Him, who fain would rest beside his door,  
Whilst to the fatal Mount His cross He bore,  
Like these, outcast from God, from love and home,  
Panting for rest, yet ever doomed to roam,  
He lived to know that when the murderer's ear  
Shall cease his victim's piteous moan to hear,  
When silence, night and breeze and leaf and flood  
Shall cease to murmur "fiend" and shriek of blood,  
When guilt may flee the great Avenger's eye,  
Then Hell may change to Heaven and God may lie,  
He lived to feel that when God's thunders burst  
Upon the perjured head, the last, the worst  
Is not the blazing home, the foeman's blade,  
Nor the huge dungeon's dank, abysmal shade,  
But evermore to walk with pallid fear,

Till her wild eyes the heart to stubble sere,  
To tremble at a sound, to feel, to know  
In God, a stern, Almighty, deadly foe,  
Whose wrath may nevermore the wretch forgive,  
But bids him still through swelling dangers live,  
Down Sin's long maze and lotus vales run on,  
Till he, his life, his love, and Hell are one !

Still roved the red man unmolested here,  
And in his covert struck the rapid deer,  
Still met the warriors, curled the wigwam smoke,  
And war's fierce yell the midnight silence broke.  
The fair-haired exile from his childhood's land,  
The forest men received with generous hand ;  
Among their dusky bands he long delayed,  
Lived as they lived, their warlike sports essayed,  
Joined in the march to meet the couchant foe,  
And drew in friendly strife the twanging bow.  
Born in these dense, untraversed shades, was one  
Whose brow and graceful limbs to look upon  
Was like the burst of spring ; she was a child  
Of nature, reared amidst the leafy wild ;  
Her dusky form a savage vesture wore,  
Yet in her breast a woman's heart she bore ;  
A chieftain's daughter, in her soft, dark eye,  
The glories lay, of summer's midnight sky,

For her, apart, the youthful warrior sighed,  
For her his blade in hostile gore was dyed,  
For her in thickest wood and sunbright dell,  
The savage bear and crouching panther fell ;  
All empty toil ! her virgin heart to gain,  
Vain was each art, each peril dared in vain.

To these rude climes the youthful stranger came,  
She gazed, she loved him with no vagrant flame ;  
The stolen glance, the half-averted eye,  
The cheek-suffusing blush when he was nigh,  
Things which betray the soft, confiding heart  
More plain than pen can tell, or lips impart,  
Were not unmarked by him ; soon at his side  
Smiling, she stood, the dark-eyed, dark-haired bride.

Poor human love ! when did its current run  
Without a rock, a fall, beneath the sun ?  
When wind through daisied meads and singing bowers,  
Without a dragon lurking in the flowers ?  
Three summer moons upon their nuptials shone,  
Each saw the tie that knit their spirits, grown  
More deeply tender, beautiful and strong ;  
The mocking bird poured round a sweeter song,  
The ancient woods put on a youthful green,  
The royal holly wore a richer sheen,

Around their hearts a second life was shed,  
Since Love had hid them in his myrtle bed.  
When on the autumn hills the oak grew sere,  
And woodlands faded in the fading year,  
Forward, through vaulted vale and velvet glade,  
With restless eye, the lithe-limbed hunter strayed,  
Till, spent with toil, the fierce, red sunset found  
His form recumbent on the rustling ground,  
And while the mists of slumber o'er him stole,  
A troop of busy phantoms thronged his soul.  
His youthful home with all its singing rills,  
Far off among the fair, New England hills,  
The fount that bubbled at his father's door,  
The latticed porch with woodbine braided o'er,  
The garden walk with morning glories gay,  
The swallow barn, the scent of garnered hay,  
The well-worn path that through the orchard strayed,  
The distant slope imbrowned with chestnut shade,  
All rose around him with resistless power,  
And softer light than in his childhood's hour,  
All bade no more through wilds and deserts roam,  
And beckoned back to friendship, love and home.  
Sobbing, he wakes, while down his visage stream  
The copious drops of that remorseful dream ;  
An iron hand seems on his soul to lie,  
No prayers can soften and no feet can fly,

In these rude climes no more must he abide,  
Farewell his woodland haunts, his Indian bride!

Beside his wigwam door at set of sun,  
With altered mien he met his wedded one,  
With tones assumed, and pain he ill conceals,  
In hurried words the mournful truth reveals,  
That though the doom may burn and break the heart,  
On earth *they* evermore must walk apart,  
For He who ruled the wave and storm, denied  
The forest's child should be the white-man's bride!  
O God! the wreck, the death, the deathless pain  
To love and know that we have loved in vain!  
To bow, adore, to yield our holiest trust,  
And see our worship poured on common dust!—  
When death bears off the idol of the heart,  
And from our dream of bliss we wildly start,  
And know that to our arms, ah, nevermore  
Can tears or time the banished form restore;  
That he who claims our lost is one whose ear  
Is deaf to sorrow's moan and manhood's tear;  
This, this will chill the heart and cloud the brow  
With grief to which the proudest neck must bow:  
Yet o'er the grave a softening light is cast,  
And half the storm that shook our souls is past,  
To think that he who stilled the lovely breath,

And crushed our idol, was the Reaper, Death;  
The dust that seals the dear, departed eyes,  
All access to a rival's tongue denies,  
Hope whispers that the heart which loved us here,  
May still love on within that distant sphere  
To which, from death, the viewless spirit rose  
To shine superior to all mortal foes;  
There God may yet unite the golden chain  
Which He, in seeming wrath, has snapped in twain,  
In purer air and converse doubly sweet,  
Our eyes, the changeless, holy dead, may meet,  
And the torn heart, at Love's deep fountain know  
An ecstasy of bliss unfound below.  
But when the soul on wilder waves is tost,  
Those waves which wail above the "living lost,"  
When all the soul's free worship, honor, truth,  
The strength of manhood and the flush of youth,  
When heart and thought and toil, we freely give,  
Till in one human glance alone we live,—  
To yield the heart's best wine in holy trust,  
And find that incense poured on sordid dust;  
'Tis then we bow the head and taste of woe,  
The callous sons of traffic never know;  
To feel that they on whom our love was shed  
Like water, though alive, to *us* are dead,  
That they whose tones we prized our lives above,

Have never loved us, haply, *could* not love !  
In dreams by night, in vague regrets by day,  
To feel our better manhood waste away,  
To mark the summer's glorious train go by,  
Powerless to stir the ear or charm the eye,  
To feel, though spring returns and birds sing on,  
A vernal freshness from the soul is gone,  
Which no pursuit or change, or triumph, more  
Can to the spirit's arid waste restore ;—  
Ah, this is heart-break, this, Great God, is grief  
From which we do not hope, or ask relief.

Thus knew and felt the stricken Indian bride,  
The Dryad of the woods, the chieftain's pride.  
She heard, was mute, and dropt her dizzy head  
Upon her breast, her heart within was dead—  
Those words to her were dirge and tolling bell  
Which rung to hope, farewell, a wild farewell.  
She lived, she moved, but through an altered scene,  
The flowers no more were what the flowers had been,  
The earth grew dark beneath her mighty wrong,  
The mocking-bird forgot his golden-song,  
The stately woods put off their smiling green,  
The fair magnolia lost his royal sheen,  
Her eye grew dim, joy from the forest fled—  
Since love had died, her heart had broke, was dead !

She reasoned on her woes as one whose soul  
Has caught its language from the hollow roll  
Of thunder and black wind and bannered storms,  
And rapturously has clasped the rushing forms  
Of Night and Tempest, heard the awful tread,  
In leaves and billows, of the mighty dead,  
Who, with wild eyes, and locks baptized in gore,  
Return by night to walk the earthly shore ;  
She knew that far away, beneath the sun,  
While he descends to rest, his journey done,  
And his bright locks like golden banners flow  
Out o'er the boundless floods that roll below,  
Rose, with its thrilling sounds, its flashing rills,  
Its sweet aromas, its empurpled hills  
And waving vales, in matchless bloom outspread,  
The green Elysium of the glorious dead.

Hard by, through murmuring vaults and tangled shade  
Of moss-bound oak, and cypress colonnade,  
With hollow sighs, and Stygian-dark, and cold,  
The torrent of the deep, red waters rolled,  
Through whose hoarse waves, the road, she murmured,  
lay

To that far world of bright, eternal day.  
One gorgeous night to this tremendous door  
That darkly oped on Death's appalling shore,

She came with her sad eyes ; from night's high noon  
Upon her deed looked down the soft-eyed moon,  
As if to hear its doom, the world grew still,  
All save the lone, complaining whippoorwill ;  
A cypress, fatal tree ! its shadow threw,  
And on her locks distilled its lethal dew ;  
A moment on the crumbling brink she stood,  
A moment gazed upon the whirling flood  
That seemed with airy lips to murmur, " Come,  
Cool thy hot brows in my Lethean foam,  
Haste from the weary eye, the aching heart,  
The arrow's fiery wound, desertion's smart,  
Come, listen to the reed-like sounds that dwell  
Beneath the wave in many a golden shell,  
Forget the false one's tones, life's sickly dream,  
My love, and wed the Spirit of the Stream ;  
And when for twelve slow moons thy feet have strayed  
Through my bright halls by hands unearthly made,  
When thou hast breathed the odorous gales that blow  
A hundred leagues these rushing tides below,  
In wonder trod my pearly palace floor,  
With lily sands and diamonds sprinkled o'er,  
Till the keen woes which thy torn heart assail,  
Shall melt like clouds that sweep the autumn vale,  
My waves shall waft thee to the mountains grand,  
And glorious valleys of the Hunter-Land."

It said, and straight, beneath the pallid light,  
From dark the waters changed to snowy white,  
They whirled, they rung, they rose her limbs to meet,  
They dashed her brow with spray and clasped her  
feet ;—

She heard, she plunged, she might no longer stay,  
When lips so silvery bade her come away,  
The floods, to clasp their beauteous prize, divide,  
Then, moaning, round her close and calmly glide  
As when no broken heart lay hid below,  
Cold as their waves and dead to mortal woe.

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The shuddering slaves relate a fearful tale,  
That when the full moon rounds her shining sail,  
Just as she climbs the far horizon's verge,  
And shadows dark in neighboring shadows merge,  
With downcast eye and melancholy mien,  
The Indian maid may still, at times, be seen ;  
Beside the turbid stream she strays along,  
Oft looks behind and trills a mournful song,  
Then stops and gazes on the rolling wave,  
And sinks again within her watery grave ;  
But woe to him by whom the dark-haired bride  
Is seen along the shimmering night to glide !

With her sad song and dark, dejected eye,  
She comes to tell him that the grave is nigh ;  
That even now the unseen powers of air,  
For him the shroud and funeral chant prepare,  
The graveyard of its cold, mute guest is sure,  
No arm can shield him and no art can cure,  
And ere another moon shall glimmer o'er,  
His ghost will hail her on the Spirit's Shore.

## ODE TO THE CROCODILE.

PYE SMITH, Hugh Miller, and Lyell have told  
That cycling Eons to their grave have rolled

Since thou didst plant thy foot

By earthly flags, and shoot

Like a piratic bark across the bubbling flood,

Fierce dweller of the Ganges and the Nile,

O iron-jawed, enormous crocodile !

Eyes diligent of blood,

Eyes surly like a hog,

Bulk like a sodden log,

Bellona, what a tail !

Both sword and scythe and catapult and flail,

A countenance audacious,

Throat, like Niagara's, voracious,

A maw as deep and frightfully capacious,

As his of old, who vainly thought to feast

On good Ulysses like a fleecy beast !

Great king of all the lizard peoples, thou

Of the fierce, deathful eye and craggy brow,

I gaze on thee in awe ; giantie brute !

O huge, columnar, brazen-mailèd fruit

Of God's primeval planting ! Who in slime,

Upon the Tropic slopes of infant Time

First gave thee growth to be the regent one

Of streams, and yawn and bathe within His sun,

The youthful sun from which no human eye

Had shrunk, keen-dazzling up that virgin sky.

Men dread, and shuddering, from thy presence flee,

Yet around thy stark, prodigious bulk, I see

A tint of strange and savage beauty cast,

The blurred leaf of an Iliad from the Past ;

A leaf from that dim life-world, painted, spanned,

By greater than our glorious Homer's hand ;

Yea, men's prophetic eyes may read in thee

A marvelous and sublime theophany ;

Steel-rinded waif from that mysterious crypt

Of time which every eye save God's hath slipt,

Drowning our own in keen and painful wonder

At all the marvels pent within or under,

In thy huge sides and crashing jaws there lies

A bell-peal from the dead eternities.

O, thou art older than the tombs and hills,

Than this ripe harvest of dusk pines that fills

The valley lands and up the mountain sides,

Rolls in green seas and palpitating tides,

Grand with the vast, centurial organ-moan  
From all its lordly undulations blown—  
Thou art before the birds, the flowers and rocks,  
Or Andes with their snows and long cloud-locks  
Flung back and streaming down the clarion storm—  
Their eyes upturned to search the radiant form  
Of the star-building God, the Happy, who  
Weaveth His palace roof of golden blue—  
O Christ, that was a grand and gorgeous world,  
Whose waters by those sinewy arms were whirled ;  
Far off in those green, cryptic vales of Time,  
The sands were bloody but not red with crime ;  
Throned on the mountains of imperial song,  
Milton was unapproachable, but wrong,  
Death came into the world ere man had sinned—  
That monster's greedy, skinless jaws had grinned  
Their hellish pleasure o'er the graves ere man  
Or snake or bird or saurian began—  
We do not understand that glorious Book  
On which with bent-browed, awful thoughts, we look,  
It shines through flickering mist upon our eyes  
In types and beautiful correspondencies ;  
Yea, ere that glittering dandy, called the Devil,  
First of the craft, with words so deadly civil,  
Strolled down the pansy-paved and palm-crowned Eden,  
Where Eve in naked glory bent a-weeding

Roses, while plundering bees buzzed in and out  
The lily's bell-like, golden-milky spout,  
Death rose and with his scythe and ravenous tooth,  
Mowed down earth's gloriously gigantic youth—  
The races of the mountain and the brine,  
The mollusk, fern and mellow-thundered pine  
Yielded their places unto thee and thine ;  
But thou with other unique, monstrous cattle  
Who roared and tustled in that long, old battle,  
Yea, thou with them, thy huge co-mates, art changed,  
Mates who that world in awful beauty ranged—  
Whose night-long bellow shook the winds and hills,  
Whose thirst snuffed up the rivers and the rills  
Like a Sahara, or as Syrian skies,  
Sodom, with her quick, thorn-sharp agonies.  
O Jove ! I sometimes cry, what would I give  
To pierce the dead milleniums and live  
With thee in thy old haunts of shore and water,  
And see the beauty, strength and bubbling slaughter,  
But for one hour, which deluged that old world,  
And down its crags and through its vale were hurled  
In song and foam and thunder ; I should see  
The glorious Titan's which right regally  
Proved that old world the workshop of our God  
And on the leaf, the mountain, wave and sod,  
Showed His great footprints radiantly bright,

Now broken, dim or hid from mortal sight ;  
I should behold thee there with all thy kind,  
Things of the mighty jaw and steely rind,  
With bristling teeth hedging the rushy shores,  
And tempesting the deep with sail-broad oars ;  
And I should shudder at the earthquake tread—  
As if the quick had met me from the dead—  
Of Megatherium—Pluto ! what a track  
He made, and shadow cast ! if from that back  
One had down-slipped the monstrous fall had broke  
And sent him shuddering from, his fleshly yoke ;  
Of bats I should behold the swooping king  
And hear the flutter of the nine-yard wing  
Of Pterodactyl ; how should I recoil  
Seeing the brown lake, round the paddles boil,  
Of Cetiosaur, lank reptilian whale !  
Enaliosaur's hiss would make me quail,  
From Iethyosaur I should haply run,  
Great Plesiosaur I should strive to shun,  
In Megalosaur I should say the Devil  
Had scrambled from his den to work me evil ;  
And I should gaze on hippopotami,  
Huge, plank-horned elks and grim rhinoceri,  
On Mammoths and unwieldy Mylodons  
Panting beneath their palpitating tons  
Of iron muscle, dull brute blood and bones ;

And I should walk through mosses tall as pines  
Whose forms lie sealed up in our hills and mines,  
Should gaze on conifers and fluted ferns,  
Whose soul in our flushed parlors glows and burns,  
In the huge-rivettèd furnace fumes and roars,  
Pushes our navies, weaves and rolls and bores ;  
God, how much breath, what glorious limbs didst Thou  
Crush out with the annihilating plough  
Which tore that grand old world ! no more to be—  
Thou bringest back no perished dynasty ;  
Well, these have been, and they are gone, all gone !  
Save that they gnash upon us from the stone,  
And bristle from the cave in tooth and bone,  
They lived, they ran, they flew and roared and thun-  
dered,  
Swam, dug, slept, lurked and bled and fought and  
plundered,  
And they are gone into the dark, no more  
To vex the wave or crowd the rushy shore—  
And man—Oh death, the grave ! who shall disperse  
Your awful shadow from the universe !

## THE SPIRIT OF THE SUN.

BEAUTIFUL, beneficent beside the streams,  
In the wooded covert of the hills,  
And in the silent vales of leaves,  
Dull-red, and withered leaves,  
Which turn their shrivelled bosoms  
Vainly to the lips of light-footed winds,  
Thou wakest and walkest again,  
Singing thy songs of wonder and deity,  
Strewing thy floor with royal emerald,  
Gay Spirit of the Sun.  
Sweet counsellor of the wise,  
Whisperer of strange and secret lore,  
To the echoing hearts of the thoughtful,  
Who stray by dells and mountains,  
And grand old archways of the mossy woods,  
Tell me, whither hast thou wandered,  
From our meadows and waters  
Bearing the motion and splendor?  
Over what groves of palm,

Ever musical, ever green, ever shining,  
Over what stretching pampas,  
Grand with their liquid undulations,  
Bright in their everlasting verdure,  
And yellow and crimson billows of dahlias,  
Hast thou roved, O spirit,  
With thy lily-sandaled feet  
And thy roses and pæans,  
All of them glorious ?

I have felt thy breathings,  
I have heard the rustle of thy garments  
And thy airy flutings in the dells  
And by the willow-fringed brooks  
As thou rovest invisible.  
I hail thee and bless thee,  
In thy glowing hands  
Cometh the latest Apocalypse of God  
Open to be read of all ;  
I hail thee, coming in might and mystery,  
Coming with beautiful glimpses  
Of the kingdoms beyond death—  
Thine are the vision and prophecy,  
Thine the rapt John and the Revelation ;  
The wells of Hope spring in thy footprints,  
Thou speakest the fullness of the blessed dead,

Thou paintest the heart of the Infinite  
With its billows and tides of encompassing love,  
With violets thou fillest the hands of the children  
Who sit upon the blossomy knolls  
Like kings on purple thrones ;  
Thou preachest the Resurrection.  
Silent, imperial architect !  
Who ever reared the column like thee,  
Who ever polished the delicate spire,  
Who ever wrought the Corinthian vine  
Or moulded the breathing marble ?  
Away from the crafty city,  
The dust, the shelves, and wheels,  
Thou callest my feet to the dells and wilds  
And the thin, gray tent of the shadows ;  
Here as the wind tides eddy by,  
Faint as the tones of the trumpeter fay,  
Where these fairer than Gothic arches ascend,  
Crownèd with days like the days of the Phœnix,  
I see the rifling of the graves  
By the conquering Angel's hand ;  
The Hebrew's wondrous rod in these dry trunks  
And withered branches buds again, the bright  
Unfathomable miracle of Spring  
Flows on, encircling like a silvery arm  
The dreaming splendors of the world, the dead

Are round me with the glory of their locks  
And salutations on their parting lips,  
At the passing of thy golden wings,  
Sweet Angel of the Covenant.

## THIRST NOT FOR FAME.

O WANDERER o'er life's wreckful seas,  
Thou, tossed and drenched in breaking waves,  
Now borne before the favoring breeze,  
Now hurled upon a strand of graves—  
Curb down that fierce, o'ermastering flame,  
Seek not renown, thirst not for fame !

The king of trees, whose glories show  
High o'er the meaner ranks around, .  
Is first amidst the storm to strew,  
With wide and blackened wrecks, the ground ;  
His prouder brow and loftier form,  
Those limbs in which the birds of heaven  
Found shelter from the rushing storm,  
These soonest by the blast are riven—  
The hot, tremendous bolt of death,  
The sword-flash of God's burning breath !  
Wild roared the storm across his brow,  
He braved the shattering tempest well,

While round his quiet root below,  
The violet hung her purple bell ;  
She felt the breath of sister flowers  
Float round her on the morning hours,  
She saw the crowns and splendid eyes  
Of stars look down the midnight skies,  
She heard the tempest's iron wing  
Clang o'er the lofty forest king ;  
She heard his big arms groan and quiver,  
She saw the blast his fibres shiver,  
The lightning's hot and sudden river  
Roll round him like a flood in spring ;  
Thou who in glory's halls wouldst shine,  
Fear, lest the monarch's doom be thine ;  
Curb down that wild, o'ermastering flame,  
Seek not renown, thirst not for fame !

Thirst not for fame ! the way is bleak  
And thorny which thy feet must climb,  
If thou the immortal courts wouldst seek,  
High on the morning hills of time ;  
To be the first, to wear the crown,  
To fix the vain crowd's roving eye,  
A name along the far hills blown  
A moment, then in dust to lie ;  
To hear the city's surging street

The echo of thy name repeat ;  
To hear thy sounding triumphs rung  
From the black, roaring lips of bells,  
And breathed by childhood's lisping tongue  
Down all the quiet, silver dells—  
In these is hid a mighty charm  
Shall work thy thirsty spirit harm ;  
Heed not that gilded meteor beam,  
O ! launch not on that fever-stream.

Strive not for fame ! Ah, waste not so

The glory and the wine of life ;  
Crush not that warm, auroral glow,  
In earth's all-maddening battle-strife !  
Go, scale the height, and grasp the prize,  
Stretch onward to that beckoning goal,  
Yet know the flame shall scorch thine eyes,

Yet know the scar is on thy soul.  
Aye, scale the height ! but what shall be  
The guerdon of that strife to thee ?

The shout whose wave, tornado-loud,  
Storms upward round the billowing crowd,  
The victor's wreath, the name in song  
Embalmed, and thundered by the throng,

That fiery word, that giant thought  
Which rocked, like some fierce Tropic wind,  
The oak-boughs of the human mind,

What peace, what rapture have they brought ?  
The trembling hand, the blasted brain,  
Long days of fear, and nights of pain,  
The eye which sees no secret hid  
Beneath the sunset's golden lid ;  
Affection's myrtle clusters sere,  
The ear too dull and cold to hear  
The lily's hymn, the wisdom words  
Poured from the rippling throat of birds ;  
That stormy restlessness of heart,  
That inward, sleepless, rankling smart  
Which not all earth, nor yet the full  
Blaze of the Heavenly hills can lull—  
Such are thy crown, thy glory, bliss,  
Strong wrestler in a game like this.  
O, statesman in the Senate-hall,  
Thou watchman, pacing Zion's wall,  
Curb down that haughty, lurid flame,  
Seek not renown, thirst not for fame !

## EMIGRAVIT.

AH, broken, broken is the golden bowl!  
The silver cord is severed,  
And the ethereal dweller  
Within the wondrous palace,  
The fine, frail palace of clay,  
Is launched upon the deep,  
The Shadowy and Irremeable Ocean,  
Battling with the storms  
And tides of the Hereafter.

Searcher of unsounded mysteries,  
Whither is the gentle spirit flown,  
Now that the walls are broken down,  
And the moth and the night-wind have entered?  
What silence and barren desolations  
Appal her wanderings,  
What wildernesses of green worlds  
With crowns of amaranth,  
And robes of woven beams shall hail her,

Swinging their rosy censers  
In silver-throated triumph ?  
Early they called her—  
Went she at the return of flowers  
And many-songèd birds,  
What time the virgin grass  
Pierces the dull, brown leaves  
With transparent, tender spears ;  
With the lily on her brow  
And the yellow light on her locks,  
Went she to the City of the Silent,  
The mighty and marble Capital of Death ;  
Our footsteps fall slower,  
Our hearts moan like autumn,  
And rustle like dead leaves,  
Since she departed—  
O how we loved her !  
She whose life on earth  
Was a Sabbath melody,  
Was as the fall of fountains  
Sentinelled by bending roses,  
Hemmed by the fringes of May,  
Gold of odorous clover and bands of pansies,  
O how we loved her !  
She whose young eyes rested  
On the white columns of the Temple, Beautiful,

That shines and shines evermore  
In the nave of the Heavenly Hills,  
With the music of her steps,  
And the glory of her brows,  
Is gone, is gone  
Unto the pale Metropolis of death !

The bell, the bell ! that howls to the clouds  
From a throat of thundering rust,  
Is roaring and surging and sobbing—  
Is drenching the thirsty air  
With billows of iron foam,  
Dropping its big and brazen tears  
On the beard of the sorrowing pines—  
Saying fearful is the sleep of sleeps,  
The leaden-lidded slumber of Death,  
Saying the Angel of the Flowers is flown,  
To come no more—no more !  
No, no ! over the Sea of Shadows,  
Into the golden and Twelve-gated City,  
The palace of our Lord hath she entered  
Victress ; her from the arrow of slander  
And the dull sickness of the heart  
The gem-bright streets have taken—  
Ye that tread the living pearl,  
Open the Everlasting Gates !

Fill the golden air with a pæan,  
The tearless, groanless air of Heaven,  
And with a diadem crown her,  
The worthy and beautiful.

## OLD MAX.

OLD MAX had watched the bursting leaves,  
And heard the swallows around the eaves,  
    And seen the ripened ears,  
And rustling shocks of the autumn grain,  
The kindling grass and the balmy rain  
    Of more than seventy years.

His heart was soft, and his soul o'erflowed  
With gentle thoughts, and though the road  
    Of life was rugged and steep,  
Some lilies were ever waving around,  
And amidst the thistles and sands he found  
    Some delicate sheaves to reap.

He had loved the godlike human face,  
The trustful smile and the artless grace  
    Of the simple and sinless child,  
The clouds and sweet unsyllabled words  
Of the dreaming brooks and the early birds,  
    And the bank where the violet smiled.

But he leaned to his staff and tottered now,  
And his agèd locks were a tuft of snow  
    On a stately and blasted oak,  
His ear was dull and his eye was dim,  
And the hills and the garnished clouds, to him  
    Were drowned in a silver smoke.

The midsummer green was on the hills,  
The midsummer light was on the rills  
    That slept in its smile and dreamed ;  
And through the vines and in at the door,  
And over the wall and the sanded floor,  
Like a wave of molten and golden ore,  
    The banner of Morning streamed.

Old Max sat down by the cottage door  
With woodbine tangled and braided o'er,  
    And a shadow upon him stole—  
The wing of a balmy, prescient sleep,  
Of a slumber soft, far-seeing and deep,  
    Went rustling through his soul.

He woke—"Come hither, good wife, I pray,"  
He said, "what a vision I've had to-day !  
    Come, draw your chair to mine,  
And hear my strange and beautiful dream,

So beautiful that its pictures seem  
All bathed in a glow divine.

O, many a pleasant dream I've had,  
And some were fearful and some were sad,  
And woke me to sob and pray ;  
But never had I a dream so bright,  
So clothed in a rushing and living light,  
As the vision that came to day.

It was a calm, sweet hour like this,  
The rosy air ran o'er with the bliss  
Of the boughs, the birds and sky,  
The hills had a youthful and silvery light,  
The blossomy gale, a spirit's flight,  
As it eddied and warbled by.

On my hazy eye in a moment rose,  
Fearful and gloomy, and grim and close,  
A wall that cut the Heaven,  
While midway opened a shadowy gate,  
All frowning, mouldy and strong and great,  
Like a rock by earthquake riven.

And one drew nigh with a saintly look,  
A look as fair as an open book,

As fair as the face of a running brook,  
And bade me follow on  
Right through the wall and the frowning gate,  
The door so sombre and gloomy-great,  
And the stars and hills were gone !

The stars and hills of earth were gone,  
But another earth around me shone,  
With its other sun and stars ;  
Its vault was filled with a softer noon,  
And the lily hands of a brighter moon  
Were braiding their silver bars.

Earth's fairest things were gathered there,  
But all a thousand-fold more fair  
Than aught we see or dream,  
The glorious fountains rippled and sung  
A psalm-like peal that made me young  
With the sound and the golden gleam ;

The things I saw no art hath shown,  
No thought conceived nor book made known,  
Not the tongue of Christ, nor by holy John  
In the Patmian Isle were seen—  
The strength and the gorgeous symmetry,  
The beauty of cloud and bloom of tree,  
And the splendor of living green.

A wind blew out of the rosy hills,  
That spangled the plains, the boughs and rills,  
    With fiery, musical gold ;  
I felt the kiss of the Heavenly gales,  
I saw the glory upon the vales  
    Which mortals never behold ;

I saw afar in that wondrous clime  
The ancient dead and the lost of time,  
    The banished from cold and rain ;  
And they said to grow, in that country, old,  
Is ever to wear the locks of gold,  
To have a glorious youth enfold  
The brow with a light and bloom untold,  
And never to weep again.

I heard the rolling of hymns, and then  
High-browed, majestic and regal men,  
    With a morning smile drew nigh,  
As if they never had felt a pain,  
An ache at the heart, or fire in the brain,  
And never had sought or yearned in vain,  
    And never had heaved a sigh.

I clasped again our blue-eyed Joe,  
On the grass of his little grave, you know

The rain has beat and the crisping snow  
Of forty winters shone ;  
I met him, not as we saw him last,  
With his sweet eye closing and fading fast,  
Thin hands and a stifled moan ;

But he stood a man, and he wore a crown,  
Which dazzled my eye to look upon,  
And the radiant hours went by  
O'er the everlasting groves and springs  
In seeing and doing all lovely things,  
And swelling the joys and the gloryings  
Of the land of the cloudless sky.

Old Maud, that went decrepit and bowed,  
With an eye so hard and a tone so loud,  
And to the folds of her pallid shroud  
For fifty summers is gone,  
Whose locks were sprinkled with sorrow's rime  
And gray with trouble before their time,  
Had a brow like the dappled dawn."

He ceased, and his agèd chin was prest  
With a helpless weight on his wrinkled breast,  
And a coldness wrapped his eye ;  
In his palsied ear was a brazen sound,

A frozen mist crept over the ground  
And shrouded the summer sky.

They hollowed a grave, and tolled a bell,  
On the winds and the harvest hills to tell  
How invisible hands one morning fell  
And shattered the Bowl of Gold ;  
But they have never called the old man dead,  
Ah, no, he is only gone, they said,  
Gone up the beautiful hills to tread,  
To sit with Moses and learn of Paul,  
And shine with the army of martyrs all,  
Where never a bell is tolled.

## MARY DEAD.

THE beautiful, the loved is gone,  
The cherished long and fair is dead ;  
Our God has sealed the dust upon  
The gentle hand, the youthful head ;  
Ah, faded is our royal rose,  
Our myrtle bloom lies pale and low,  
While death above her glory strows  
The yew leaf and the cypress bough.

O softly tread the darkened room,  
Where pale and cold our myrtle lies ;  
Come, weep the night that shrouds her bloom,  
And kiss the dust from off her eyes ;  
For earth hath not a form so fair,  
A heart so pure, a step so light,  
Such luxury of golden hair  
As death has borne away to-night.

O think upon the summer-time,  
O think upon the tinted flowers,  
And dream beneath some fairer clime,  
Where softer flow the rosy hours,  
And bid the smiling lawn be green ;  
The blossom wave, the fountain shine,  
And make thy home a fairy scene,  
With music and the trailing vine.

But o'er the summer's royal glow,  
The glory and the balm of spring ;  
The mantling vine, the fountain's flow,  
The rapture of the trembling string,  
A gloom will steal, a haunting voice,  
Like winds that through a ruin moan—  
“ Ah, nevermore shall ye rejoice—  
The beautiful and loved is gone !”

The dirge is sung—the shadow falls  
O'er all of her that we could see,  
But not o'er that which treads the halls  
Of light and immortality.  
O joy for her ! whose footsteps rise  
To tread the angel's starry home,  
But woe for us ! whose heavy eyes  
Must count the snows upon her tomb,

On lip and brow and maiden form,  
The silence falls, the dust is strown,  
But high o'er earthly sun and storm  
The soul o'ersweeps the far unknown ;  
With shining hand and forehead fair,  
Calls us those azure halls to tread,  
And shine with her, a Seraph there—  
The beautiful—our Mary dead.

## GOD IN SPRING.

HOSANNAS to Thy Deity for this,

Giver of bursting leaves and song and bloom,  
And the gold opulence of flowers, which is

A type of man's sure triumph o'er the tomb!

O, goodly are these ranks of sunny days

Which the warm breath of budding woodlands  
bring;

We fling our care away one hour to gaze

'Neath the soft eyelids of Thy angel, Spring,

And lift his silver wing.

We will bow down before his face as one

Who comes with tidings from the only King—

Yea, he is Thine; Thy hands did weave this crown,

These golden garlands round his temples fling;

All mute things know his presence and give praise,

The woodbine yearns around his arms to cling

Morn weaves his palace from her inmost rays,

And sweet birds nestle in his hair and sing,

“God of the purple Spring!”

We thank Thee for the morning's vestal blaze,  
And evening with her locks of sober brown ;  
We thank Thee for the emerald Summer days  
And Autumn with her nights of weary moan ;  
We thank Thee for the quiet Sabbath hours,  
Which speak for man a fairer blossoming,  
We thank Thee for the sunset's burnished towers,  
But more, more than for these, with all they bring,  
We thank Thee for the Spring !

Angel, thy splendors never could have shone  
Upon the Orient Uz as here they shine,  
Else her immortal bard from thee had known  
A softer music for his glorious line ;  
He would have seen the bursting of the graves,  
He would have heard their mouldy silence ring  
With pæans like the noise of many waves,  
And ocean's oozy charnels throb and sing  
Through the green gates of Spring.

What is so sweet as clover by the way,  
So fresh as violets lifting the dead leaves ?  
What is so downy as a beechen spray,  
So musical as swallows round the eaves ?  
What is so queenly as the jasmine bells,  
Between whose walls the bee forgets his sting ?

Yet these are thine, all these, the spicy dells,  
The balm, the glorious tints, the caroling,  
O rosy-footed Spring !

Lover of mossy banks, we welcome thee  
Back to the orchard paths and yearning hills—  
Come, hang thy mantle on the crownless tree,  
And scatter dappled pinks and daffodils ;  
And we will wreath thy brow and clasp thy knees  
With blooms, prefer our fresh thank-offering  
Of gentle moods, new hopes, while glossy bees  
Hum through the delicate urns that roll and swing  
Around thy limbs, O Spring !

The royal blue-bird whose soft vest was dipped  
Long in the August firmament's rich wave,  
And the fine robin of thy dews have sipped,  
And league to sing the blossoms from their grave ;  
All spirits of the amber-budded boughs  
Call thee sweet names, Bridegroom of Flowers and  
King,  
The distant valleys and the near hedge-rows,  
The silvery vault and glimmering mountains sing  
Io, delicious Spring !

Great Pan reclined in odorous shades and woke  
The echoes of the hills, long, long ago,

And white-armed Dryads danced beneath the oak  
Nor marked the rapid seasons o'er them flow,  
The Oreads tripped along the mountain ways,  
But all are past, gone is the Satyr king,  
A purer breath the grove and woodland sways,  
And with a better Name the flute-notes ring  
Of lily-bosomed Spring.

Hosannas for the birds and flowers, O God !  
I see Thee in the bloom and mellow beams,  
Yet I am sad even where so lately trod  
Thy radiant feet and woke the sleeping streams ;  
Our bosoms for a purer region yearn,  
We feel the flutter of the *immortal wing*  
'Gainst its clay walls ; unsatisfied we turn  
From Summer's crown and the fresh tints that fling  
A glory round the Spring.

## OUR LITTLE WILLIE.

OUR little Willie's step is gone,  
Our little Willie's eye is dim,  
The grave another flower has won,  
The damp brown earth is heaped on him ;  
We saw it in his thoughtful eye,  
And by his strange, deep words we knew  
Too soon our Willie's path would lie  
Along yon radiant fields of blue.

O, can it be that we shall hear  
The music of that voice no more,  
And see forever disappear  
The incarnate brightness from our door !  
That we in dreams must smile and sigh  
And think that Willie still is ours,  
Then wake to know that on his eye  
No more shall burst the earthly flowers ?

The silver lilies guard the brook,  
The silver lilies star the dell,  
As coy within her shaded nook,  
The violet hangs her purple bell ;  
The sunset burns upon the hills,  
The wavelets break upon the shore,  
As lightly leap the shining rills  
Our Willie's eye shall see no more.

We saw the raptures not of earth  
O'erflow his dreamy, azure eye,  
Of golden thoughts, we saw the birth,  
For this dim world too deep and high ;  
And when we laid our Willie down  
To sleep, we kissed him with a kiss,  
As if his eye would greet the dawn  
Within a brighter world than this.

Thus, day by day, we marked his eye,  
And what we feared we did not speak,  
We only said, "the birds will fly,  
And paler grows our Willie's cheek."  
We idly turned our rustling books  
And dreamed a vague, dim dream of ill,  
And 'midst the flowers and by the brooks,  
We watched our little Willie still.

Across our hearts there crept a fear  
As rose the night wind's hollow moan,  
We heard beneath its cadence drear,  
A sadder and a wilder tone,—  
A tolling bell ; but day and night,  
The lilies bloomed along the vale,  
We only said,—“ his locks are bright  
And Willie's cheek is growing pale.”

The hours pursued the flying hours  
Across the turbid glass of Time,  
And still he loved the earthly flowers,  
And still he trod this earthly clime ;  
We saw the infant hues of Spring  
Into the rich, dark Summer fade,  
We saw the red-bird's fiery wing  
Flash through a veil of thicker shade.

The rich, green Summer flowed along  
Into the Autumn sad and pale,  
The birds poured round a parting song  
That sadder made each sobbing gale ;  
And while we heard the airy knell  
Of Summer's bloom and Summer's mirth,  
At noon around our pathway fell  
A shadow darkening all the earth.

Across that shadow-gloom we heard  
The fitful rustle of a pall,  
The flapping of Death's ebon bird,  
The fresh earth on a coffin fall ;  
We miss some locks of sunny hair,  
And one sweet voice's breezy sound,  
A lip, as any rose's fair,  
And still the shadow wraps us round.

And yet we do not think him gone—  
Not gone, but only "sent before,"  
We only say that he is flown  
Where but the Seraph's wing may soar ;  
That still he lives, and while our tears  
Bedew the little paths he trod,  
Each moment where he is, but bears  
Him nearer to the heart of God.

## MY EARLY FRIENDS.

A SHADOW falls, a blight descends on all the joys of  
earth,

And evermore a burial chant is mingling with their  
mirth.

All earthly things are hastening on to their appointed  
ends,

Till dust, at last, with kindred dust, within the shadow  
blends :

Forever, as the globe along her starry cycle rolls,  
Within the soul Time's hollow bell some shattered idol  
tolls,

And though with Him, who sits on high, whose golden  
Throne around,

Shine Seraphim and Cherubim, the beautiful and  
crowned,

There is no change, no funeral train, no sad array of  
death,

Though all the universe at once groan out its dying  
breath,

With us below, while yet the winds through heaven's  
blue arches range,  
There must be tears and breaking hearts and weariness and change.  
Where are my friends, where now are gone the dear  
familiar faces,  
That held within my heart, so well, their high and  
holy places ?  
Whose eyes were as the early light upon the opening  
flower,  
As woodbine to the roving bee, as music to the bower ?  
What cloud has overcast their eyes, why have they  
learned to range,  
Or is it I that so forget—O, is it I that change ?  
Ah, I have lived to feel the power, the ivy, touch of  
Time,  
Across my heart his shadow falls, upon my locks, his  
rime ;  
Mine is not now the fresh, young heart it was in days  
agone,  
While on youth's purple mountains danced the kindlings of the dawn ;  
Where are my friends, where now are gone the dear  
familiar faces,  
That nobly held within my heart their green and golden places ?

Some o'er the dark tempestuous wave their distant  
way are taking,  
Some sleep the sleep that knows no dream, no moan-  
ing and no waking,  
And some, who walk among the flowers, survive with  
hearts as cold  
As those above whose final throb the clashing bell has  
toll'd ;  
And some, whose love still burns for me, are sundered  
from my eye  
By leagues on leagues the swallow's wing might  
scarcely dare to try ;  
Far back along the garnered fields of the gray reaper,  
Time,  
Like birds that seek their last year's nest within some  
distant clime,  
Thought wanders o'er the lonely shrines to sleepless  
memory dear,  
And from their lustre wipes the rust of many a sap-  
ping year ;  
Around me rise the sylvan hills in rich familiar green,  
And onward stretch the grassy slopes with shining  
brooks between,  
Still there the broad old chestnut gleams in whose  
luxuriant shade,

I sought, at noon, the smooth, brown nuts and gayly  
    laughed and played ;  
They come, they come, the merry band, the young the  
    light of heart,  
Beneath whose feet, along the turf, the blue-eyed vio-  
    lets start ;  
And one there stands around whose lips the youthful  
    graces play,  
More bright than smiles the rose of June, more beauti-  
    ful than May,  
The hazel dell and willowy nook return upon my view,  
With all their blessed memories of sunlight, birds, and  
    dew ;  
Again there steals across my brow that thrilling sense  
    of spring.  
Such as alone our Northern hills and Northern breezes  
    bring ;  
The peach and apple blooms I hail with that upgush-  
    ing joy,  
Which only stirs the veins of one, and he the dream-  
    ing boy ;  
Upon the purple bough I mark the robin's well-wrought  
    nest,  
And straining o'er the rim two bright eyes and a  
    ruddy breast ;

Afar like seas of rippled gold the meadow lands extend,  
Whose bands of glad-eyed butter-cups with fringed daisies blend ;  
Once more with crimsoned hands I bend o'er the lush strawberry beds,  
Amidst the perfume floating up from soft, rich clover heads,  
Adown the vale long, twinkling swaths lie stretched in green array,  
And crowded barns are showering out the balm of garnered hay ;  
Now o'er the lea, now up the hill, rolls on the loaded wain  
And lusty scythes are flashing out amidst the bending grain ;  
When from the school, I, light of heart, once more have homeward run,  
A mother's tender smile is mine, a sister's silvery tone ;  
Ah, whither float the shadows swift that sweep the autumn lands,  
And whither fades the name that's traced along the ocean sands ?  
I sometimes yearn to know if, when that awful day shall rise,

Whose trump shall rouse the shrouded dead to pass  
the Great Assize,  
Our God will bring the buried Past, to day immortal,  
back,  
With all the flowers and stars that hung above its  
winding track,  
And with those stars and blossoms crown the holy and  
the blest,  
As through the golden gate they pass to their eternal  
rest ;  
Those blessed hours are with the dead, those dearest  
forms are gone,  
And now their sad, reproachful ghosts across my  
memory moan !  
And some, who still are with the flowers, to me are  
dead or cold  
As are the brows o'er which the bell its brazen dirge  
has rolled ;  
And some, who live and love me still, are sundered  
from my eye  
By leagues on leagues the swallow's wing might  
scarcely dare to try ;  
Gone are the dear young friends that roved a merry  
band with me,  
The clover dell, the singing brook, the soft and shaven  
lea ;

They haunt the sunshine of the day, they rise upon  
my dreams  
With all the glory of the Past, the murmur of its  
streams,  
Through the long night within my soul their mourn-  
ful vigils keep,  
And from my eyelids chase away the downy-fingered  
sleep ;  
O, I will weave a cypress wreath for those I vainly  
mourn  
And bid it twine for evermore round Friendship's holy  
urn !

## THE HILLS OF THE DELAWARE.

No glorious bard hath ever touched his lyre,  
Hills of the fount and crag, in praise of you,  
Or sung in accents mellow as the tints  
That settle round your brows on autumn eves,  
Your beauty and your glory ; yet are these  
The dower which God hath given to clothe your vales,  
And roll in streams along your jagged sides.  
The spring breathes on you from the odorous South,  
And silvers o'er your boughs and stars your dells  
With blossoms strangely beautiful ; the wren  
Chatters beside the thicket and darts in  
And out perpetually ; the delicate moss  
Trails, gleaming, o'er your perpendicular crags,  
And with its soft veil hides their cloven jaws ;  
A wild, free fragrance from the swelling buds  
Of maple, brier and birch and fanlike fern,  
Loads all the pulses of the early gale—  
A perfume that will vie with those which greet  
The traveller whose homesick footsteps thread  
The far Sabeian groves ; the squirrel bounds

From branch to branch amid your shadows, low  
And dull, like thunder muffled in its cloud,  
The pheasant's rapid drum rolls through the gloom,  
From prostrate trunk thick-robed in yielding moss ;  
The social red-breast on the swinging bough  
Here builds her mud-wrought castle, and all day  
Broods on her smooth, blue eggs, whilst her large eye  
Peers o'er the rough, brown edge upon the head  
Of him who from the city's weary noise  
Has come to stir the quiet of these shades  
With loitering step ; the timid deer lifts up  
His craggy head, snuffing the fluttering gale,  
And with a bound across the dim ravines,  
And up the steep and down the pebbly gorge,  
Shoots like an arrow ; waters cool and sweet  
As ever glittered through Arcadian mead,  
Fountains that never fail, and living streams,  
Gush through the twisted roots of oak and beech,  
Or trickle from the seams of bald, old rocks,—  
Seams that were scarred into their flinty brows  
In some old war that shook the dreaming earth  
Long ere her valleys were the dwelling-place  
Of man or saurian ; and he whose eye  
Can feast on architecture's mellowest lines,  
And the strong column's breathing symmetry,—  
Here let him rove, and gaze on fairer forms

Than gleamed around the lordly fane of her  
Whose praise rolled like a river through the streets  
Of ancient Ephesus—yea, prouder shafts  
Than in Pentelic marble rose and shone  
From the eternal Parthenon. No axe  
Rung on their sides, no sounding chisel fell,  
Yet beauty clothes them as a dewy veil—  
Shines in each curve and breathes in every line ;  
Unhewn they stand, their architect was God !  
And when the gorgeous-tinted Summer comes  
To rear her tent amid these winding aisles  
And pointed arches, he who wanders here  
Need wonder not why the deep heart of man  
Have ever peopled the old glorious woods  
With more than human forms, bright nymphs and  
fauns,  
Dryads and fair and gentle deities  
Who wake the hoary shades with whispering sounds  
And snatches of unearthly melody.  
And when the Wind-king rises in his power  
And blows his trumpet from the topmost crags,  
Calling his viewless squadrons to swift war  
Against the homes of men, the waves and woods,  
Then a prophetic thrill stirs all the aisles  
Of the old wilderness,—a billowy wail  
Rises from the green ocean of the leaves,

And far along the wakening tree tops runs ;  
A note of challenge from the bearded pines  
Rings out to meet the winds that come in might,  
With shouts and billows of exultant sound :—  
Trunks writhe before the blast, and with a groan  
Sink to their graves ; the mighty hemlock flings  
His arm against the front of the unseen  
Assaulting bands in vain ; he yields, he bows  
Before the invader with a giant's death  
That shakes the solitude ; while o'er the vale,  
With all its universe of surging boughs ;  
And o'er the purple edges of the world,  
Far off the rushing diapason dies.  
And Autumn, bright-hued mourner at the bier  
Of Summer, emulous of yonder gold  
And jasper tints that tremble round the gate  
Of Sunset, or like banners flow and swing  
From the far battlements, as if the gods  
Held festival within the courts of heaven,—  
Autumn with all her gold and amethyst,  
And rainbow waifs and waves, walks o'er your brows  
As she walks not the realms of olive, lime,  
And the perpetual palm ; and Winter sits  
With frost and icicle and robe of pearl,  
Hills of the Delaware, upon your tops,  
A glory and a diadem to see.

## THE RATTLESNAKE.

EARTH hath a thousand tongues that sing  
    An unrecorded melody,  
And many a loathly, creeping thing  
    Hath beauty that we cannot see—  
    A veiled or slighted majesty ;  
A slow-paced worm that all deride,  
A look, a breeze may dash aside,  
The arm of strength, the crown of pride ;  
A breath too faint to lift the flower,  
A moonbeam or a tone hath power  
To crush us in the evil hour,  
As bold and thoughtful men will tell,  
Who thread the wild and pierce the dell,  
And climb the cliffs and splintered rocks,  
Rent by the old-world Vulcan-shocks,  
Where thou, dread mountain king, dost lie,  
With spotted mail and flaming eye,  
And thy huge, quivering volume rolled  
In purple spire and bristling fold,  
Within thy walls of matted brake,  
Grim-couchant, terrible Rattlesnake !

To hail the portals of the grave  
'Midst roaring gun and ringing glaive,  
'Midst limbs by foaming chargers trod,  
And grappling hands and slippery sod,  
And long, loud-bolted cannon-ode—  
To hear the howl, the hiss and clash  
Of waves on waves that madly dash,  
Then to our boiling foam-couch leap  
From blue Niagara's thunder-steep ;  
To see at midnight, flashing nigh,  
Powerless to parley or to fly—  
The couchant tiger's lurid eye,  
Then meet the quick, tremendous bound  
That dashes out our gasping breath  
In pattering blood-gouts o'er the ground—  
O, this is horror, this is death  
Which he who blanchless meets, must feel  
His brain engirt with triple steel.  
And earth hath many a gloomy path  
Steep-slanting to the realm of Death,  
Less mighty than the whirlwind's wrath,  
Or tiger's bound or volleyed scath  
Of battle's blue, vindictive breath ;  
And in our dells and by the rills,  
And on the rock-embattled hills,  
And deep within the lonely wood

Where the young panther moans for food,  
There have been shrieks and eyes grew dim,  
That saw the branches round them swim,  
And felt a sudden shadow fall  
As from the concave's vestal wall,  
And mossy plain and vaulted blue  
Go rocking from their dizzy view,  
Where thou, beside the mouldering trunk,  
That in the moist, dark earth hath sunk,  
And by the cleft thy bower dost make,  
Death-darting, fiery Rattlesnake !

Fierce dweller 'midst the rocky glades,  
And lonely, damp, enormous shades  
Of hoary oaks and clarion pines,  
And chaos of gigantic vines,  
That, when the night-winds on them roar,  
Their leafy hallelujahs pour,  
As if, upon their golden cars,  
To chain the ear of rushing stars,  
Appalling worm ! thy home is where  
The wild wolf makes his dreary lair—  
'Midst crimson moss and cypress shade,  
And brambles' thorny palisade—  
The hunter from his pathway starts,  
His pulses fly with wilder bound,

As thy fierce eye upon him darts,  
Like lightning leaping from the ground,  
Where through the Sundered boughs, in gold,  
A blush from Morning's cheek hath rolled,  
In which, with trickling venom warm,  
Gleams, like a brand, thy lurking form,  
While thy quick rattle—quick and keen,  
Rings through the lonely sylvan scene.  
But if, of danger unaware,  
His foot impinge thy curtained lair,  
Thy fang disclosed, thy form dilate  
With kindling ire and instant fate,  
Thou launchest on the unheeding foe,  
God ! what a last, electric blow,  
That sends the rocks, the hills and sky  
In misty ruin reeling by !

Thy glittering coils to men disclose  
A symbol of all mortal woes—  
Down through the long, dim ages gone,  
Thought roves in gloom and silence on,  
To where the Eden rills and bowers  
To rapture charmed the radiant hours,  
And where, beside the Mystic Tree,  
Lay One who wore a shape like thee,  
And chained with lotus-words the ear

Of her who could not choose but hear.  
Yet, reptile, round whose savage home,  
Men pause and shudder as they roam,  
Upon thy fiery shape I gaze  
In reverent awe of Him whose ways  
Alike, are with the infant's woes,  
And earthquake's hoarse, Titanic throes ;  
And in thy folds and burning eyes—  
Like brewing storms in Tropic skies,  
A fierce, barbaric beauty lies,  
And tells that He whose hand hath piled  
    Andes' serene, tremendous brows  
    In domes of everlasting snows,  
Amidst the swoop, the growl and clang  
Of whirlwinds' wings unmoved to hang,  
Hath made *thee* terrible and wild,  
And tipped with death thy gleaming fang.

## SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

Long have we looked for thy returning sail

Across the bleak north foam, O brave Sir John ;  
Long watched, from o'er the wave, thy bark to hail,

And grasp the mystery of that realm unknown ;  
We yearn to greet thee back, O tempest-tossed !

From thy own eloquent lips to hear, to know  
The gloom and splendor of the starry frost,

The secrets of the everlasting snow ;  
Ah me ! when thou dost o'er the deeps return,

Thou shalt bring braver tidings to our shore  
Than of the thundery ice, the frost, the roar

Of Northern storms : thou, of that distant bourne  
Which holds our loved and lost, shalt bring the key  
That locks from mortal view death's awful mystery.

## WHEN I AM GONE.

THE round, green earth  
Will roll and roll,  
And warm to birth  
Soul after soul ;  
The wind will roar,  
The wind will wail,  
Grim clouds will pour  
Rain, snow and hail,  
Niagara thunder,  
And childhood wonder,  
When I am gone.

The sun will rise  
On bustling trade,  
On Hope's young eyes,  
On War's red blade—  
God knows how long  
His race will run,

How steadfast, strong,  
Is the great, red Sun ;  
And woods will glimmer,  
And ivy shimmer,  
When I am gone.

In cities proud,  
With their streets a-glow,  
The throbbing crowd  
Like a wave will flow :  
The gay will laugh,  
The sad repine,  
Despair will quaff  
The amber wine,  
Therefrom to borrow  
A charm for sorrow,  
When I am gone.

The bird will sing  
From the bending spray,  
The lily spring  
By the woodland way ;  
What seemed as gold  
But dross will prove,  
And hearts grow cold  
And woman love,

And moonbeams twinkle,  
And fountains tinkle,  
When I am gone.

And youths and maids  
By moonlit streams—  
In whispering shades,  
Will weave love dreams,  
Lone hearts in pain  
Will moan and bleed,  
And worth in vain  
Will claim its meed,  
And domes will crumble,  
And billows rumble,  
When I am gone.

## THE OLD MAN'S STORY.

IN Boston streets were whispered fears,  
And anxious brows and woman's tears,  
But the solemn night fell broad and still,  
While the fearless heart and the iron will  
Were gathered apart on Bunker Hill,  
Where the banner of Freedom flew ;  
All night was a hollow and boding sound  
Of cleaving steel in the pebbly ground,  
There were hoary heads and horny hands,  
From the mountain paths, and the harvest lands  
Had poured their resolute, yeoman bands,  
Brave Spartan souls and true.

All night the watching stars looked down  
On the murmuring wave and the sleeping town,  
But sleep to the toiler's eye came none,  
For ere the set of to-morrow's sun  
Must a bolt be launched and a blast be blown  
To bow the lordly head ;  
'Neath the sleepless stars and the muffling shades  
With a panther's tread and a sound of spades,  
(137)

We toiled till a rampart strong and high  
Arose, whence the leaden hail might fly  
On the foe that should dare our wrath defy  
When the Orient gates grew red.

In the shrouding dark our fortress grew  
As a seed will pierce to the breeze and dew  
In a single night, and the balmy hay  
We piled from the lawn that round us lay,  
To hold the waves of the foe at bay,  
As they glittered and billowed on ;  
A thousand from furrow and field we stood,  
No trembling slaves, no craven brood ;  
We knew that the tread of Death was nigh,  
That the hour for the strong on the turf to lie,  
Of the ghastly limb and the glassy eye,  
Would come with the coming dawn.

Slow rolled the fearful night away  
From earth and main, and the early ray  
Burst over the hills and the purple sea,  
The crowding roofs and the velvet lea,  
As if no dying or wrong could be

In a world so bright and fair ;  
In the city then, with the rousing foe,  
There was arming and rushing to and fro,

The loud command and the stormy beat  
Of drums and the clang of steel-clad feet,  
And the dash of steeds through the surging street,  
And the trumpet's grating blare.

With the hostile bands and their leaders brave,  
There was hasting down to the level wave ;  
'Neath the sulphury pall and the volleyed roar,  
There was speeding the narrow waters o'er ;  
Their prows have jarred on the fatal shore

Where the Rebel has ta'en his stand ;  
On the thin, gray air of morning comes  
A scream of fifes and a storm of drums—  
On our fate ten thousand dim eyes gaze,  
And white, white lips a prayer upraise  
To God, who the battle and billow stays,  
And shivers the tyrant's band.

It was a glorious sight to see  
Those shining men, like a ruby sea,  
All billowing up where the Rebel foe  
Like angry lions were crouching low,  
With a scythe of fire at a breath to mow  
Their ranks like yellow grain,  
Like warping jasper the columns gleamed,  
In gold and crimson the banners streamed,

Like a river of pearl was the music poured,  
The eddying smoke o'er the waters soared,  
And the cannon upon our rampart roared  
Again, again, again.

With a measured tread and a dauntless eye,  
To our front the hostile ranks drew nigh,  
On our lion bands a stillness came,  
A tremor ran through the martial frame,  
Each eye had a prisoned and lurid flame,  
A glitter of Etna fire ;  
Up the sloping green with a blenchless eye,  
The foe to the waiting foe drew nigh ;  
From end to end of the steep redoubt,  
A roar and a burning storm burst out,  
A sound like Earthquake's hungry shout  
When realms in his jaws expire.

When the blaze and the rocking dim were o'er,  
There was rushing back to the quaking shore,  
For the hail-stone blast and the fiery rain  
Had burst on the foemen not in vain,  
And the furrowed earth was heaped with slain,  
Where the tempest's scythe had been.  
Again, again, up the smooth hillside,  
Rolls the flashing columnus' tremendous tide,

But the Rebel guns have blazed once more  
With a redder storm and a fiercer roar,  
And a ruddier sea of the Briton's gore  
Has foamed on the broken green.

They sank in the teeth of that mowing rain,  
They rolled and struggled in mortal pain,  
They reeled and they dropped, they rose and they fell  
Through spouting gore with a frantic yell,  
They leaped to the greedy jaws of hell  
From the smoke of Bunker Hill ;  
Again, again, with a fiery eye  
The rallying foe to the foe drew nigh  
With thrust for thrust and gun to gun  
'Neath the thunder-wing of the war-cloud dun  
Was the bloody field from the Rebels won,  
And the battle-roar grew still.

There were breaking hearts when the strife was o'er  
For the light of eyes that should come no more,  
But the Rebel people were glad that day,  
For the foe that dumb in the death-sleep lay,  
For the fetter of tyranny rent away,  
And the blast of battle's God,  
From the Briton's stronger arm we fled,  
But his flower on the smoking turf lay dead,

And monarchs a glance of terror threw  
Where the Patriot blood was dropped like dew,  
And the palm of Liberty sprung and grew  
On the red New England sod.

## BRADDOCK'S FIELD.

SAID one whose temples shone like frosts upon the  
autumn plain

Where only withered stalks, to tell of summer's pride,  
remain,

"Many and many a year has flown, my locks with time  
are white—

Locks that around my infant brow hung like the  
plumes of Night,

This ear is dull, this arm is weak, these eyes with age  
are dim,

That heard the roar, that strove, that gazed upon the  
carnage grim ;

I was a youth, I loved my gun, a sword, the books  
that tell

Of plains where war's hot, crashing bolts on frantic  
thousands fell ;

It was upon those fearful days when o'er the far fron-  
tier

The death-whoop at the dead of night smote on the  
settler's ear ;

To father, mother, sister, friend, we spake the low fare-  
well,  
With nodding plume and jarring drum down many a  
savage dell,  
O'er rock and plain and roaring stream, by sunlight  
and by star,  
To meet the lurking foe in fight we wandered long  
and far,  
While foremost in our daring band, in manly bloom  
rode on,  
Bold Braddock and the stately form of brave, young  
Washington;  
Till on a time, one balmy morn within the ringing  
June,  
While woods put on their richest hues, brooks sang  
their blithest tune,  
Where blue Monongahela shone through banks of  
pleasant green,  
We stood and saw his smile leap up the clasping  
boughs between;  
It was a lonely spot and wild, where never white-man's  
tread  
Had come to scare the browsing deer or crush the  
violet's head,  
But where, as down the verdant wilds, the river slid  
and foamed,

The beaver reared his mimic town, the bear and otter  
    roamed,  
And all the sounds that stirred the gloom were but  
    the panther's howl,  
The clamor of the wheeling crow, or sob of hooded  
    owl—  
I said within my soldier's heart that it were well to lie  
In such a spot, so still and green, when o'er my swim-  
    ming eye,  
Amidst the roar and crack of guns, by scalping knife  
    or ball,  
The winter of the grave should come that ever comes  
    on all.  
Down by the river's marge we toiled through all the  
    summer day,  
Then turned into the neighboring hills, a steep and  
    rocky way—  
Our step was free, our thoughts were light, as step  
    and thought should be  
Of those who, for their homes and wives march on to  
    victory,  
And, dreaming, see the conflict o'er and through the  
    war-cloud dun,  
Hear, bursting round, the fierce huzza which says the  
    day is won!

But sometimes o'er our warrior pride a ghastly glimpse  
    would come,  
Of limbs gnawed by the snarling wolf and of the  
    lonely home,  
And, darkling on the soul, a dull, blue lip would whisper well,  
How death might lurk in summer leaves, and from the  
    mossy dell  
The rifle launch its bloody hail and roar the savage  
    yell.  
Farther and farther on we toiled with cannon, blade  
    and plume,  
Till round us, like a mighty wing, hung the old forest  
    gloom;  
The woodflowers gave a pleasant smell, the wind went  
    laughing by,  
We heard its footfall on the boughs betwixt us and  
    the sky;  
Huge, glistening pines and beeches wove an ebon  
    dome of shade  
Through which the sun, in fiery globes and golden  
    islets, played  
Upon the leaves, the dull, dead leaves that crackled to  
    our tread—  
That crackle shot across my soul a shudder and a  
    dread,

My heart grew sick, a viewless hand seemed on my  
    shoulder laid  
That held me back until I grew of leaf and breeze  
    afraid,  
A whisper came that ran and moaned through all that  
    leafy place,  
And said I never, nevermore should see my mother's  
    face!  
Up through a lonesome dell we wound where smooth,  
    green mosses o'er  
The twisted roots and rough, brown stones had spread  
    a yielding floor;  
Luxuriant o'er the broad hillside the knotted laurel  
    grew,  
And sharp, gray rocks against the limbs their wrinkled  
    brows upthrew;  
And now a stillness came that seemed the very winds  
    to fill,  
No murmur trembled in the dell, no whisper on the  
    hill,  
The silence tingled on our ears it was so deep and still;  
And nothing told how, lurking round, all burning for  
    the fray,  
Eight hundred painted savages with leveled rifles lay,  
Till, flashing from a caverned rock, on leaf and blade  
    and plume,

A solitary musket-flash lit up the woody gloom ;  
And he who next before me walked with one tremendous leap,  
Sank down upon the hollow stones in the unwaking sleep ;  
We started, bent our eager gaze along the bordering shade,  
Where'er the matted vines a hold for couchant foe had made ;  
A moment—and from rock and air and earth there burst a yell,  
Such as the gnashing fiends may ring from the red jaws of hell—  
A roar as when in earthquake's lips a mountain splits and sways,  
And oceans leap their rocky bourne, and cities crash and blaze !  
We stood like men and storm for storm back on the foe returned,  
Till one red, hissing wall of fire the reeling valley burned,  
And down as roars the trampling hail upon the tender grain,  
So rushed upon our startled band that murderous battle rain ;

And madly back, through storm for storm, our bullets  
smote like rain,  
They dashed amidst a viewless foe as harmlessly and  
vain  
Girt in by death, with quivering hearts, yet unsubdued  
and brave,  
We stood, recoiled, rushed on and wheeled each o'er  
his open grave !  
From rock and brake and blasted trunk, behind,  
aside, before,  
The havoc rushed, the deluge blazed and boiled the  
savage roar ;  
Our friends, our foes, woods, earth, and sky grew a  
tremendous one,  
That reeked in gore and rocked in flame and round us  
yawned and spun ;  
There seized our sinking hearts, of life, one wild and  
lurid thought,  
So fierce, tyrannic and intense, we knew not that we  
fought,  
Nor heeded, though at every step we stumbled o'er  
the slain,  
How long our weeping wives and babes would look  
for us in vain ;  
We saw the end, we knew our doom, we felt as men  
whose last

Of mortal days and griefs and joys sweeps by them  
to the past ;  
Earth rocked beneath our feet, her flowers, her moun-  
tains and her skies,  
Her summer green and autumn pomp went mocking  
from our eyes,  
On lifted sword and gun and limb, with dull and  
shivering sound,  
I heard the whistling bullets crash and from the  
beeches bound ;  
Down sank my brother at my side, sank with a mighty  
groan  
That smote upon my ear above the battle's drowning  
moan—  
O Heaven ! it was a sight to freeze, most murderous  
and appalling,  
To see in troops like helpless beasts one's comrades  
round him falling,  
And through their sunless agonies on God and Jesus  
calling ;  
From gaping breast and shattered brow to see the hot  
blood spouting,  
And the soul take wing amidst the din, the carnage,  
and the shouting !  
And now, as still in redder wrath the roaring tempest  
fell,

We broke, we flew and left our slain within that bloody  
dell!

Then rose a yell that rocked the hills and as we forward  
dashed

Like frightened deer, through brain and limb the smok-  
ing hatchet crashed;

I stumbled in the race and fell; a howl, a tiger bound,  
And then a huge and brawny hand had pinned me to  
the ground!

That fearful, dark hand seized my hair, I felt the gleam-  
ing blade

Assail the locks with which my sainted mother's hand  
had played;

My eye grew dark, I have a sense, a memory vague  
and dull,

How that cold, glittering edge at last creaked on my  
naked skull;

I know no more—if pulseless heart, stilled breath and  
darkened eye

Are death, beneath that blade I died as much as man  
may die;

I woke to know that yet I lived and that the foe were  
gone,

And I was left with ghastly men and howling wolves  
alone—

To know that, sped by unseen hands, before his deed  
was done,

A ball across his prostrate foe had stretched the forest's  
son,

Stretched on my neck the dark, huge breast where  
gaped a mighty wound,

Whence as the blood came bubbling through it baked  
me to the ground ;

I woke to learn of better things which God had kept  
for me,

For in the New Jerusalem no more shall fighting be.

## THE COMET.

LED by no hand along thy fiery path  
Save the Omnipotent, from out the gulphs,  
The caverns of illimitable space,  
From night's remotest and unsounded seas  
Whose every drop is some resplendent sun,  
Thou rushest forth in mystery and awe,  
O rover of the grand and solemn heavens!

What thousands turn the wondering gaze to thee  
At this calm hour, where thou dost sheathe thy pale,  
Tremendous sword in the abyss of stars!  
With quivering nerve the rapt astronomer  
Poises the mighty tube and flings a rein,  
An unseen curb upon thy flaming jaws  
To bring thee nigh that he may read thy birth,  
And trace the inscription on thy fiery brow  
And map thy journey through the starry fields.  
The prattling child, through the dim window pane,  
Whilst twilight settles on the crimson hills,  
Lifts his moist eye and wonders what thou art.

And tanned, unlettered men whose horny hands,  
With honest toil, have earned the bread that makes  
Their lowly homes a shrine for happiness,  
Pause by the way and turn a thoughtful glance  
Upon the fiery stranger. The old man  
Upon whose eyes the years have spread a film  
That flings a haze across the mid-day sun,  
Turns half in vain to where thy streaming locks  
Leave on the vault their track of hairy fire.  
Nay, what art thou that blazest on our eyes  
So strangely and so wildly—so unlike  
The heavenly host, the planets, the sweet moon,  
And earth, with all her clouds and streams and groves,  
That run their dazzling, everlasting round  
Without a pause, a jar, a moment lost,  
Or note discordant in the glorious scale?

Thou rushest down, unbidden and alone,  
Upon the night from out the frosty space,  
The gulphs of being, the untrodden realms  
Known but to God. What couldst thou tell of them,  
If power were thine to carve thy history  
In words of flame along the evening vault?  
What royal hieroglyphics dost thou bring,  
What radiant prophecies, what omens, sounds  
From the eternities, if our cold ears

Could hear, and our dull eyes interpret, them?  
Where is thy birthplace, what thy errand here  
Bathing thy sides in the cool waves of night,  
Whilst the great hurricane of God's swift breath  
Streams o'er thy brow and blows thy fiery locks  
Backward in floods of pallid flame to bend  
Across the headlands of the universe?  
What is thy purpose in that glorious plan  
Which knows no jars or discords? where the bourne  
To which thou sleepest onward with a speed  
That baffles contemplation? Dost thou come  
To tell us of our littleness, that we  
Have lost communion with the Invisible?  
To tell us that our lives are dry and poor  
And ghastly with our vices? that, like thine,  
Our path is wayward, wild, far, far away  
From Him who is the Centre and the Sun  
Of peace, joy, glory, immortality?  
Is this the lesson thou wouldst downward pour  
Upon the world from thy mysterious track?  
A lesson that already hath been carved  
In darkness, carnage, smoke, despair and grief,  
On rock and flower, on every foot of earth  
And man's most aching heart? Art thou a type  
Of our sad world with all its multitudes  
Of homeless, blind, despairing, hungry souls,

Crying for light yet cleaving to the dark,  
Writhing beneath the thirst that burns their lips,  
Yet turning madly from the Blessed Fount  
That sparkles at their feet? O, art thou such,  
Pale rover of the night, and art thou here  
To tell the oft-reverberated tale  
That we are smitten, banished from the songs  
And flowers of life's primeval harmonies?  
That we are fallen from beauty, strength and love—  
That our thoughts, blind, discordant, walk no more  
The bright, melodious highway of the stars,  
But, like thee, broken from the Central Sun  
And Fount, whose every beam and wave is life,  
They wander chartless, hopeless, down the void  
Of night and clouds and everlasting storms?

Does the ethereal tract thou rovest look  
Ground unfamiliar to thine eye, or hath  
Thy flaming bulk traveled the selfsame round  
In the dim ages gone, so long ago  
That all the sand-grains which the moaning sea  
Breathes on and tosses from his frothy lips,  
Must fail to equal the stupendous lapse?  
Hereafter shall the children of the earth  
Behold thy quivering, vast, ill-omened lamp  
Blazoning the night, or does the mystic path

Thou treadest, darkling, seek the unknown realms,  
The seas of crude, unformed, chaotic worlds,  
The fathomless tracts, the awful solitudes,  
Whence neither chance, nor years, nor God's high will  
Shall give thee to men's eyes forevermore?

Thou answerest not save with thy fiery hair  
That streams and quivers up the starry dome  
As if in winds that o'er thy forehead blow  
From the eternities! thou sweepest on  
To thy uncharted and mysterious goal—  
Even while I gaze thy splendor fades away  
From the cold Heavens—into the solemn depths,  
Without a sound, thou sinkest and art gone.

## C O A L.

At the hour when eve or silence, in the pensive realm  
of thought,  
Hath, to trace God's ways of wonder, a completer  
vision wrought,  
I have asked the winds and mountains, asked the star-  
revealing Night,  
With her soundless gulphs of darkness and her crowns  
of ruddy light,  
Which of all the regal secrets of the rock, the air and  
deep,  
Shall, as sunless ages onward, with their tears and  
trophies sweep,  
Rise to heal the wounds of nations by the fiend,  
Oppression, trod,  
And to palsied hands and bosoms, summon back the  
banished God,  
Till a new, upon the ashes of the former, world shall  
bloom,  
As the May dethrones the winter, as a lily crowns a  
tomb;

And a shout comes from the mountains, leaves and  
waves and rocks reply,  
And the prescient Night gives answer from her starred  
infinity,  
Up old Ocean's twilight caverns long, responsive echoes  
roll,  
And the silence and the whirlwind give the torrent-  
answer "coal!"  
Coal is *King*, henceforth, of nations, of the senate,  
schoolroom, mart,  
On the stern highways of traffic and in woman's softer  
heart.  
He shall verify the fable of the royal Age of Gold,  
When a villa with its fountains for a poet's love was  
sold,  
He shall consecrate the kingdoms mad with war's  
incessant gong,  
Drown the murderous blare of cannon, break the  
tyrant's iron thong;  
Coal shall plough the midway ocean, turn the spindle,  
pile the tower,  
Sow the rock and reap the desert, whet the scythe  
and plant the flower,  
Coal shall turn the rumbling millstone, speed the shut-  
tle, whirl the saw,  
Blow the forge and spin the cotton, polish, dig and  
lift and draw;

Coal shall crowd the wave with navies, joint the coffin,  
square the beam  
And, to do his bidding, summon forth the harnessed  
Typhon, Steam ;  
Gold into a *groom* is fallen and in yellow trappings  
dight,  
Stands at the rich banquet pouring red wine to his  
helmèd knight ;  
Brave King-Coal shall stand the sponsor for the infant  
at the font,  
Be the Babel-tower whose windings men to power and  
fame shall mount ;  
Great King-Coal shall be a rival in the maiden's love-  
sick eyes,  
'Gainst attorney, poet, priest, with all their vows and  
burning sighs !  
Then from out his sombre palace rolls the grimy Mon-  
arch's voice  
Down the rosy gales of morning like an infant world's  
rejoice,  
When from night's blank gulph it rushes with a shout  
like meeting tides,  
With its robe of queenly verdure rippling down its  
lustrous sides,  
And like strangled thunder quivering round his rock-  
roofed, ebon t'rone,

Over town and wharf and ocean thus its hollow accents  
run—

In the bosom of the mountains I have waited age on  
age,

Spelling out strange hieroglyphics from Fate's mystic,  
iron page,

Hearing sounds and clarion whispers from the wide  
abyss whence rolls

Planet after planet glorious with its flowers and yearn-  
ing souls,

Hearing streams of mystic music wander round me  
through the dark,

Smoothing even the brow of horror, like the raptures  
of a lark,

Hearing, sunward, through the gloom, the silent sprout-  
ing of the pine,

And the oak-roots sturdy fibres round the splintered  
granite twine,

Through the solemn-paced millenniums, through the  
golden-granuled rock,

Love's great pulses throbbing slowly like the ticking  
of a clock ;

I beheld the Future open like a temple vast and dim,  
Thronged by phantoms, plagues, convulsions, priests  
and warriors, gory-grim ;

Dark the van-way, but the postern plunged within a  
sea of stars,

All the columns hung with trophies from the wrecks  
of giant wars—

Bloody in the light that slanted through the huge,  
black window bars ;

Then the vision grew to clearer, valleys glimmered as  
they spread,

Full of eager life and motion, where the living trod  
the dead,

Where men rose and smote their brothers, raving for  
a crumb of bread ;

Weak men bowed before the stronger, lifting up a  
ghastly gaze,

With a speechless prayer for respite to the dark and  
grinding days,

Armèd hosts rolled through the mountains smiting  
kingdoms, shaking thrones,

Till the sweet breath of the woodlands eddied in the  
storm of groans,

All with Fate were wrestling weakly, prisoned, hesitat-  
ing numb—

Standing in a gorgeous temple, as the gods they wor-  
shipped, dumb ;

Each mistrustful of his brother, where he should be  
honored, loathed,

Faithless, earthly-sensual, crying “ wherewithal shall I  
be clothed ? ”

Each, amidst the war of interests, falling wounded by  
the way,  
As upon his march to Mecca falls the pilgrim worn  
and gray,  
And from where he stumbled, bleeding, and by feet of  
iron trod,  
Asking of his fallen brother if he still believed in God !  
Stars and elements grew hostile—thought beheld her  
bloom expire  
In the long, unhoping struggle with the thistle and the  
brier ;  
Cold and heat and breeze and blossom leagued to  
pierce the toiler, man,  
Saying that his birthright ended where his tugging  
life began—  
Ended in an endless slumber, a Lethean, blank abyss,  
And the black womb of a barren, atheistic nothing-  
ness !  
Age by age I lay and pondered, lay and wore my  
rocky bands,  
Felt my heart lean outward, yearning toward the  
streams and sunny lands,  
Saw the weary nations struggling for a good they  
might not reach,  
Striving for the soul's free utterance in a faint and  
broken speech,

Through the cold, gray rock above me, heard the rustle of the leaf,  
Heard the whispers of the lilies and the autumn's hollow grief,  
Heard the growling of the lions and the brazen feet of storms,  
Heard their wet wings trailing, flapping on the bare crag's seamèd forms;  
Heard the clang of manufactures rolling up from spirèd towns,  
Saw the smoke from giant cities wrap the cattle on the downs;  
Saw the big drops slant like hail-stones from the hot, red brow of Toil,  
Telling of a hopeless warfare with the hardness of the soil—  
Saying, hard had been the grapple with the hardness of the soil;  
Saw the pallid worker shrinking from his heartless task undone  
Through the arrows of the Northwind and the ardors of the sun;  
I beheld the forest flying from the woodman's roaring stroke  
Till the army of the harvest from its ashen grave awoke,

With its spears and yellow banners slanting from the  
western gale,  
As from gold Apollos forehead slants the comet's lurid  
trail ;  
Rivers fled their channels, leaving leagues of gray and  
crispèd stone,  
And the water-wheel grew silent, rifled of its showery  
zone ;  
"Fuel, fuel, or we perish !" loud the wailful cry arose  
Through the groaning of the ice-wind and the terror  
of the snows,  
Then my heart grew warm with pity when I saw them  
warring weakly,  
With the wasting and the famine and the hail that  
smote them bleakly,  
Then I loved them, longed to help them, longed to  
tell them where I lay,  
Yearning for the floods and breezes and the goodly  
light of day,  
Longed to tell them of my minion, Steam, the thun-  
der-throated god,  
How he lurked in rills and dew-beads, how he laughed  
to see them plod,  
How he danced in the morasses and in hollows of the  
trees,  
From the glassy dip of cataracts blowing fumes like  
amber bees,

How he wrestled, ran and swaggered, saying he the  
globe could pull ;  
With the shoulders of a lion and the thick neck of a  
bull,  
Vaunting he could rive an iceberg as a cannon rives a  
skull ;  
Thus I sat and watched the toilers from my cavern  
day by day,  
Longed to help them, yearned to tell them of the  
future's greener way,  
Longed to tell them what a prophet 'neath the roots  
slept unrevealed,  
What a silver-worded poet dreamed beneath the  
leaves, concealed,  
What a right-arm of a giant lay imprisoned in a rock,  
Waiting till the key of fate should thunder in the  
flinty lock,  
Heard the waxen pine-cone falling on the brown leaves  
overhead,  
Felt the small birds plucking mosses round their cal-  
low young to spread,  
Tried to breathe into their ears the wondrous mys-  
tery of the hills,  
Tried to tell it to the blossoms, to the thistle-plumes  
and rills,  
Hoping they would bear my secret to the watchers on  
the wall,

Till they came and roused the prophet, broke the  
giant's rocky thrall ;  
Ages rolled, they found me, called me, snapped the  
chain that bound me fast,  
And with streaming torches chased the darkness of  
my cave at last,—  
To my grimy lair I bade them welcome with a rocking  
blast,  
As when frightened barks fly landward through the  
storm-king's roaring laughter  
And across the manèd billows black Typhoon runs  
bellowing after ;  
Saying “ brothers, I will be your servant in the house  
of toil,  
I will do your delving, weaving, lift and spin and  
sweat and moil,  
I will smelt your gold and copper, mix your brass and  
edge your steel,  
Of the barks that bear your merchants, I will urge  
the ponderous wheel  
With a fiery, whirling torment like the torment of Ixion,  
With the smoke and clang of Vulcan and the big arm  
of Orion,  
Yet, ere I shall rise to help you, bear your burdens,  
bore and roll,  
Treasure well the words and visions of the king and  
prophet, Coal.

Ages gone, within the darkness of the royal, elder  
world,  
Where your harvests nod and rustle, billows roared  
and fountains eurled,  
Where the billows war, were mountains, where the  
mountains glitter, waves,  
Waves for valleys, vales for billows, each in turn, are  
mutual graves ;  
Underneath the primal Ocean, with his robe of wrin-  
kled blue,  
With the sturgeon and the starfish my lone infancy I  
knew ;  
Darkly rolled my youthful eyes in that cradle-hall of  
brine,  
Till the brittle pine-cone found me, came and laid its  
cheek to mine,  
Till the fluted fern-tree found me, laid its faded face  
on mine,  
Till the oak-tree of the mountain sought me, darkling  
down the wave,  
And the cypress, palm and laurel came and made my  
arms their grave ;  
Ages flew, and through my slumber plunged a storm  
of pealing sound,  
As when Earthquake's fiery spasms, waves and domes  
and rocks confound ;

Then I felt my prison shooting from the realms of  
night and slime  
To the highway of the sunshine, to the breeze and  
eagle's clime,  
Heard the roaring, splitting, cracking, felt the huge  
Cyclopic lifting,  
As when down the throat of Chaos half a shattered  
globe is drifting,  
Through a storm-rent of my prison, saw the golden  
dance of light  
On the forehead of the woodlands, on the valleys  
broad and bright,  
Saw the clouds, around the temples of the first-born  
mountains, curled,  
Saw the gorgeous generations of the buried, ancient  
world—  
All the giant animation of the glorious, elder world—  
Saw the mammoth to the cedar lean his rough enormous  
form,  
Making all the fibres quiver like the onset of a storm,  
Saw the ponderous megatherium through the marshes  
pant and roll,  
In the dark earth, prying, diving, burrowing like a  
downy mole,  
Jove! a coach-and-four might rattle down his subter-  
ranean hole!

Heard the mylodon at twilight, in the woodlands  
dense and dim,  
Toiling up the odorous birch-tree, craunching bark  
and bud and limb,  
Saw the brave old saurians plunge and welter through  
the murky tide,  
Fire-eyed, glorious, golden pythons down the shadows  
flash and glide—  
He that flounders in the Niger crawls a pigmy by  
their side ;  
Saw the forest from the shingle rise with fringe of  
purple bloom,  
Then, the foamy march of waves that rushed to dig  
its miry tomb ;  
Felt the earthquake's wrinkled pebble, felt the grim,  
Titanic boulder  
Down the blue abyſses rolling from the iceberg's wel-  
tering shoulder ;—  
Down the dædal tide of change beheld the ranks of  
being pass,  
Like the dappled wings of shadows down the hills of  
summer grass,  
Each, than that which reigned before it, more resplen-  
dent in its kind,  
Each a thought to beauty leaping from the dread,  
Omnific Mind ;—

Grade on wondrous grade, ascending through the  
boundless realm of forms,  
From the agaric and alga to the oak's tremendous  
arms,  
To the pine and cedar's glory, to the banian's million  
stems,  
King of trees, with jewelled satraps and their vassal  
diadems ;  
Grade on shining grade upspringing from the embryo  
of the brine,  
From the monad and the mollusk to the human form  
divine.

All are changed ; the skies grow hoary and the glo-  
rious Titans sleep  
In the flashing revolutions of men's hearts, the rocks  
and deep,  
Psyche robs the cheek of Venus, Polyphemus wrestles  
blind,  
And the crushing locks of Samson wreath the awful  
brow of Mind ;  
Down the forward, purple vistas, down the lustrous  
vales of Time,  
Broad and bright my vision wanders, grasping tide  
and man and clime ;  
Slowly through the twilight rises promise of the  
better day,

Whence the dearth and sword are banished and the  
storm is blown away,  
Where God's feet are heard in Eden and returns the  
Age of Gold,  
As it rippled down the valleys ere the wreckful Deluge  
rolled,  
Come it shall, with crowns and cymbals, though its  
dawning waits afar,  
Fainter than the blush of twilight, fainter than a dying  
star—  
When the child among the mountains with his little  
heart of pride,  
Wondering at the sands and pebbles, at the stream-  
let's laughing glide,  
When the child among the mountains, to his silver  
shout shall hear  
Softer greeting from the pine-cliffs and the caverns  
high and drear,  
When men learn the harder lesson fraught with a  
sublimar lore  
Than our Avon's silver singer smelted from his spirit's  
ore,  
Learn, amidst the war of peril and of passion, to  
*forgive*,  
And, the vice that chains him loathing, bid the blind  
offender live,

When men let the fortress crumble, let the sword and  
cannon rust,  
Live for love and gentle uses as they live for gain and  
lust,  
Know the clime to which we travel round about our  
footsteps lies,  
With its swarming populations, streams and hills and  
sun and skies,  
That beneath the visual letter a sublimer meaning  
dwells,  
As the kernel lies in ambush, locked within its husky  
cells,  
That the World of Souls is but a fairer counterfeit of  
earth,  
With its living men and mountains, flowers and forests,  
rain and dearth,  
When the tones of barren teachers cease the turbid  
tide to swell,  
Making Heaven a sea of shadows and a vacuum of  
Hell,  
Then shall sprout the roots of Eden, to the grave and  
cradle come  
The crowns, new wine and purple clusters of the gold  
Millennium !  
Onward through the sundering shadows rise the ranks  
of infant Ages,

Over each its angel bending, turning silver-lettered  
pages,  
Pages fraught with triumphs richer than the roaring  
Forum knew,  
Or the shouts of Mantinea or the blaze of Waterloo ;  
Proudly up the golden vistas flash the shining rows of  
towns,  
With their velvet fringe of meadow and their rolling  
vapor-crowns,  
City's hum and factory's clamor, roar of forge and  
pant of steam,  
Life of wharves and ring of hammer up the gales of  
morning stream,  
Other Londons gleam and thunder with the billowing  
tide of trade,  
All their princes, domes and splendors safe within the  
olive shade ;  
Outward rolls the wave of Commerce circling round  
the sanded Isles,  
Bearing freight of gracious uses and its heritage of  
smiles ;  
They are dreamers who would teach us that the living  
Word is sealed,  
That the prophet's eye is darkened to the treasure  
unrevealed ;

Evermore Isaiah's harp is surging down the clouded  
air,  
Moses climbs the rocks of Nebo with a mute and  
awful prayer,  
Every Morse with trenchant lightning challenging the  
race of Time,  
Every solemn poet toiling up the pearly stairs of  
rhyme,  
Every new Napoleon rising with his fiery brain and  
sword,  
Is another John in Patmos bowing down before the  
Lord,  
Sealing silver hallelujahs dropt from the Eternal Word,  
Walking through the Golden City, hand in hand with  
Christ, the Lord ;  
Great King Coal is white-browed Venus in the lover's  
ardent eyes,  
Grim King Coal from Burke and Byron bears the  
tender-glancing prize,  
For a foot so regal never hath the aulic marble trod,  
Coal is Hercules, Orion, Hermes with his golden rod,  
Coal is Chrysostom, Columbus, Homer, Newton, Truth  
and God.

## THE OMNISCIENCE OF GOD.

THERE is an Eye that evermore beholds me,  
    Counting each motion of my secret heart,  
A mighty arm that evermore enfolds me,  
    Whene'er my wayward feet would rove apart  
From that illumined path the Perfect trod;  
    No fluttering leaf in all the unpruned woods,  
No dewy drop on all the morning sod,  
    No covert act of night's black solitudes;—  
No glorious fancy from the mind is flown,  
    No pious wish was ever cradled there,  
No cankering griefs to the loud world unknown,  
    No hue or cloud, no shape of earth or air,  
No faded glance or sound, but all are shrined  
    Within the adamant of the Eternal Mind.

## SONNET.

TO-DAY I wandered in the autumn woods,  
The ancient forest, where the Almighty rears  
A temple, in the unpruned solitudes,  
Grand with the crowning of the eternal Years—  
A shrine where His still voice on mortal ears  
In deeper truth and melody may fall  
Than in the bartering street and crowded hall—  
How gracefully these unhewn columns rise!  
How full of triumph these old arches tower!  
How richly all the sculptor's magic lies  
Upon them, while at this most silent hour  
Rolls in the sunset's vast and golden dower!  
As if the angels' robes were trailing down  
All evil, gloom and tear's in heavenly light to drown.

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## THE KING-BIRD.

THERE'S a daring bird with a savage note  
And a piercing eye and a soft brown coat ;  
There's a small, brave bird with a quivering wing,  
And a breast that glistens in silvery white ;  
All summer the boughs with his triumph ring,  
And the breezes throb with his keen delight ;  
His dauntless mien and sturdy mould  
Bespeak him warrior fierce and bold ;  
King of the meadow and king of the tree,  
And lord of the air and grove is he,  
And the songsters look with a troubled eye  
As the wing of the king-bird dashes by.

A giant oak hangs over the way,  
The lightning scathed its crown at a blow,  
All summer its limbs look bare and gray,  
All winter, white with the feathery snow ;  
A hawk in his fierce, wild beauty there  
Has furled his wing at the noon of day,

And through the fields and the glimmering air,  
His quick eye searches the heedless prey ;  
But the little warrior from bough or stalk,  
Hath marked the place of the burly hawk,  
He is gone as thought and the lightning go ;  
With a clanging note and blow on blow,  
His bill descends on the taloned foe,  
Who with sudden pain and an angry shriek  
Darts off from the small marauder's beak,  
And the gentlest shrink and the boldest cower  
From the king-bird's wrath and stroke of power.

His challenge rings from the mossy wall  
And the curve of the maple's topmost stem,  
And you hear his harsh, defiant call  
From the mullein's yellow diadem ;  
He trembles above the wayside flower,  
He sits on the stone-pile's toppling tower,  
O'er the clovered field and wind-rowed hay  
In chase of the foe and the wingèd prey,  
Like an arrow to death, he darts away ;  
On the tufted knoll and down by the rill  
You hear the savage snap of his bill,  
As the sharded beetle, the dragon-fly  
And the outlawed drone-bee glisten by ;  
The eagle that loves the windy height,

And the keen-eyed crow in his earthward flight,  
Cleave the airy ocean with swifter wings  
As the tyrant forth from his covert springs,  
And the bird must come with triple mail  
And a wing to vie with the whirlwind gale,  
Yea, strong must he be that dares infest  
With a beak of plunder the king-bird's nest.

## SUNLIGHT.

AGAIN the thick cloud gathers, darkly rolling  
Down the tempestuous air.

My soul rocks to the distant bitter tolling  
Over her loved and fair,

But earth's unnoticed heroes, saints, apostles  
Before me rise, and I must not despair.

And now my thoughts go up to that most holy  
Land where the Lord doth reign,

And His bright worshipers in reverence lowly,  
Bow on the pearly plain ;

No broken ties nor the Great King's displeasure,  
Nor the sad grave shall make them weep again.

Some who have loved me here with pure affection,  
Have reached that pleasant shore ;

Back to earth's weary days and dumb dejection,  
They shall return no more.

But ever in the courts, where fall no shadows,  
Before the Lord their praiseful hearts outpour.

The things that most we love on earth are fleeting,  
    And wither day by day ;  
The hearts to which our own are fondly beating,  
    Cannot with us delay,  
And we must go and at their graves lamenting,  
Give back our loveliest blossoms, clay to clay !

Time after time in all departed ages,  
    To that high world have gone.  
Meek men, whose deeds upon fame's glorious pages,  
    Are nameless and unknown—  
But they unto the Lord of Love ascended,  
Who placed upon their brows a fadeless crown.

Beautiful maidens whose bright presence round us  
    Sunshine and odors cast,  
Children, that with their sweet ways lured and bound us.  
    Then to the angels passed.  
Will grow so beautiful I shall not know them,  
When in that sinless world we meet at last.

And while I think, as tie by tie is riven,  
    Which bound me here so well,  
That even now on the green hills of Heaven,  
    My form is gone to dwell,  
In two or one pure heart, O, this is triumph,  
And peace and joy more than the tongue can tell !

To think the Lord of that far country loves me,  
    With some that round him bow,  
And to the glorious King in words approves me,  
    So abject, lost and low—  
Not Milton's fame, nor great Napoleon's glory  
Could equal brightness round my pathway throw !

## BANTAM LAKE.

O, BEAUTIFUL stand the wooded hills  
Round Bantam's bosom of silver blue,  
That steals from the wall of the firmament  
Its robe of royal Tyrian hue ;  
The white clouds smile from the crystal vault  
On the clouds that smile in the depths below  
And over the glorious nether dome,  
Like spirits of beauty, come and go.

Who robed thee in glory and endless youth ?  
Who made thee a bed in the mossy hills,  
Who fringeth thy skirts with living green,  
And feedeth thy heart with a thousand rills ?  
It is he who curbeth the rushing stars,  
And counteth the leaves and the beaded grass,  
Who weaveth the oak his regal crown,  
And maketh the plague and the hail to pass.

He hath hollowed thy place above the deep,  
Like an eaglet's home in the skyey rocks,

High over the roar of the black salt wave,  
And the clang of the bellowing whirlwind shocks  
Sweet Lake! by a marge as green as thine,  
In the haunted darkness of ages gone,  
A conqueror marshaled his helmèd hosts,  
While the foe, to trample his might, rolled on.

A mist crept up from the silver wave  
And darkened the crags and drowned the sky,  
And fell like a shroud on the conqueror's bands,  
And hid his spears from the Roman's eye;  
A trumpet pealed on the savage hills,  
Then a storm of sound like a shattered world,  
A roar as if Etna called aloud,  
And rocks by the wrathful gods were hurled.

The Roman Eagles were bowed and torn,  
In the storm of swords and the fiery rain,  
And the rills of the vale ran gory red,  
And the clear blue wave had a fearful stain,  
There was wailing afar on the Aventine,  
And wringing of hands by hoary men,  
And the Roman wives through the tangled vine,  
Looked out for a sight of their lords in vain.

## MY UNKNOWN WIFE.

RILLS of rich moonlight through my room are streaming,  
ing,

Peopling the voiceless air with fairy life,  
And I through fancy's halls am roving, dreaming  
Of thee, my future, fair, unwedded wife ;  
Whatever skies above thy path are bending,  
Whatever flowers around thy feet are shed,  
Whate'er the prayers thy heart is upward sending,  
My warmest benediction on thy head—

God bless thee, O, my wife !

In life's wide journeyings have I never met thee,  
Ne'er listened to the music of thy tongue ?  
What pleasures now delight, what ills beset thee,  
What secret woes have thy soft bosom wrung ?  
Who is thy father, who the tender mother,  
That led thee up in love and holy truth ?  
Who is thy sister, who thy manly brother ?  
Who were the friends and playmates of thy youth,  
My dear, unwedded wife ?

Where shall these pallid moonbeams watch thee sleeping,  
ing,

What snow-white drapery veils thy heaving breast?  
Which of God's angels in his saintly keeping  
Shall rock so rich a treasure to her rest?  
What are thy thoughts of this dark house of sorrow,  
In which we vainly strive and hope and pray?  
What thy anticipations of to-morrow,  
Thy mingled memories of the vanished day,  
My loved and lovely wife?

Hast thou once fondly loved and been forsaken,  
Showering thy heart's deep treasures all in vain,  
Or calmly waited some sweet tone to waken  
The melody of love's delicious pain?  
Hast thou known sorrow, seen thy loved and dearest  
Go to the grave's cold slumber, one by one—  
Heard "dust to dust," of all sad sounds the drearest,  
Breathed o'er thy beautiful and dead, thy own,  
My wife, my stricken wife?

What are the beauteous forms that rove the brightest  
est  
Along that strange, deep world, thy woman's heart?  
The lovely forms in which thou more delightest  
Than all the pageantries of wealth and art?

Do the bright birds and opening violets woo thee  
To trace the babbling brook and mossy dell,  
Whilst leaves and the green silence whisper to thee  
Secrets no living tongue could speak so well?  
O, art thou such, my wife?

I, too, have loved the shades, the silver rushing,  
And lute-like cadence of the vernal gale,  
And hung in rapture on the ruddy blushing  
To life, of the fair children of the vale;  
I know that thou art beautiful; thy spirit  
Baptized in God's night-solemn harmonies—  
What are the crowns and thrones that kings inherit  
To the soft love-light in those brimming eyes,  
My wife, my radiant wife?

What is the beauty with which God hath crowned  
thee?

Hast thou the aspect of some Orient queen?  
Have nature's plastic fingers thrown around thee  
The grace and music of a matchless mien?  
'Tis thus to me—around thy form a splendor—  
A mild, transcendent radiance floats and burns  
So calm, so pure, so eloquent, and tender,  
To rise and meet thy own my spirit yearns,  
My fair, unwedded wife!

The locks that o'er thy snowy temples wander—  
Wear they the raven's or the sunbeam's hue ?  
Thine eyes, where the bright soul comes forth to ponder,  
The midnight's tinge, or day's meridian blue ?  
I know not—yet thine own has all the glory  
That trembles round Aurora's radiant brow ;  
Not all the goddess forms of Grecian story  
To me are half so beautiful as thou ?  
My own, my future wife.

Unstained art thou by wrong and earth-born passion,  
A lamb of the Great Shepherd's starry fold ;  
No minion in the halls of sordid fashion,  
Bought with a smile, and for a bauble sold ;  
The things that move the vain are weak to shake thee,  
Thy eyes are straining toward another goal,  
Where the Lord Christ unto his side shall take thee,  
While shouts ascend and hallelujahs roll,  
God's chosen child, my wife !

Do thy rich lips still wear the vermeil beauty  
Given by young girlhood's free and rosy blood ?  
Or have long years and toilsome, heavenward duty  
Brought the ripe tinge of royal womanhood ?  
I know not, yet I know that I shall love thee  
For thy calm, saint-like eyes, and woman's heart,

And for God's glorious works around, above thee,  
Of which thou art so fair and bright a part,  
My wife, my unknown wife!

I think, in dreams I sometime may have seen thee,  
For in our dreams the soul is wondrous wise ;  
And thin the shadowy veil that falls to screen thee  
From the deep gaze of her prophetic eyes ;  
Through clouds and years my heart to thine is leaning—  
Yearning its riches at thy feet to pour,  
And striving to unveil the sumless meaning  
Of the great joy to be its future store  
In thee, my unknown wife!

Yes, though thou knowest me not, I yet shall meet thee,  
My gentle wife, in God's appointed time,  
When, heart to heart, my soul shall rise to greet thee  
With new-born life—a hope and faith sublime ;  
And know that He who marks the falling sparrow,  
And robes the summer lilies, guards his own,  
And leads, through strength and weakness, bliss and  
sorrow,  
Their feet in paths which they had never known,  
My fair, unwedded wife!



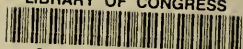








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